

ALMYNA:

OR, THE

Arabian Vow.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the *Theatre Royal* in the
Hay-Market; by her Majesty's Servants.


Nec semper feriet quodcunque minabitur Arcus. Hor.

Humbly Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the
Countess of *SANDWICH*.

L O N D O N:

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Temple Gate in *Fleetstreet*, 1707. Price 1s. 6d.

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A

TRAGEDY.

ALMYIA

OF THE

ALBION T. J. W.

TRAGDY

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P R E F A C E.

IN Compliance to the Bookseller's importunity, we are oblig'd to tell the Town something by way of Preface, tho' the Author being at a great distance from the *HOUSE* at the time of Representation, can say less of it than the most indifferent Person that was there. All agree, that *Almyna* was admirably Acted, and advantageously Dress'd: The first was owing to Mr. *Betterton's* unwearied care, (who is desired to accept the Author's acknowledgments for so faithfully discharging the Trust that was repos'd in him;) the second to Mr. *Swiny* (who, with the like regard, may be assur'd of the Author's Respects, for venturing upon the good Opinion of the Play, to make so great an Expence) tho' they may be both justly condemn'd for playing it, at so ill-fated a Time, viz: The immediate Week before *Christmas* between *Devotion* and *Camilla* (the
A Eunuch

The P R E F A C E.

Eunuch having then never Sung but once) it met with as good Audiences as could be expected. Mr. *Wilks* (the Ornament and Support of the declining Stage) had a long Indisposition that follow'd soon after. Then Mrs. *Bracegirdle*'s quitting the House, three days before it was to have been Play'd again, with the Alterations annex'd, has hitherto hinder'd us to see what better Fortune it might have ; had tho' Mrs. *Barry* scarce ever play'd better, nor Mrs. *Bracegirdle* (in Tragedy) so well, nor with such variation of Voice. She so far Acted her self into the kind Wishes of the Town, that in Compliment to their better Opinion, the Author has thought fit to make her happy in her Lover. In the next Representation, the Ceremony in the first Act is design'd to be omitted, upon the dislike of that incomparable LADY, to whom this *Play* is Inscrib'd, who is Mistress of a Genius not to be deriv'd from a less glorious Original, than the immortal Earl of *Rochester*.

The Fable is taken from the Life of that great Monarch, *Caliph Valid Almanzor*, who Conquer'd *Spain*, with something of a Hint from the *Arabian Nights* Entertainments. The Character of *Almyna* was drawn (tho' faintly) from
that

The P R E F A C E.

that excellent Pen of Mr. *Dennis*, who, in his *Essay upon Opera's*, has given us a View of what Heroick Vertue ought to attempt: That it was printed no earlier, was upon the expectation of Mrs. *Bracegirdle's* return to the Stage. But the Season being far advanced, 'tis hoped, that the publishing of it, may be a Means to prepare the Town against next Winter, for a new and kind Reception of it.

Farewel.

A 2 P R O-

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. Cibber.

TO You the Patrons of the lab'ring Player,
Who spight of Syren sound for Sense declare;
Whose Manlier Judgments, more Delighted hear
What well informs the Mind, than vainly charms the Ear.
To You its firm Support, the Stage opprest
Calls loud for Aid against the Modish Tast:
The Charms of Musick we with you confess,
But hope you'll think no well wrought Play has less;
And, if the Noblest Scenes, ill Play'd, are damn'd,
Why is the same Defect in Musick cramm'd?

For Operas, like Tragedy, require
The Actor's Force of Gesture, and his Fire;
Were those just Graces, join'd to Voice, alas!
A dark Translated Nonsense then might pass.
But when you see with dangling Arms, and lifeless Eyes,
A hum-drum Princess chaunt her Lullabyes.
Who holds the Ponyard to a Life persued,
As if not meant to offer Death, but Food.

Me-

*Methinks such Sights shou'd make you sleep, not smile,
And fairly own 'tis Vox & Preterea Nihil.*

*Why then such Summs expended for an Art,
Which Nature only does to warmer Climes impart ?
And shall to the Support of that alone,
The Art in which we're own'd to excel, go down ?
So, oft we see in this high-tasted Age,
Chast Wives for Wantons, treated like the Stage.
Strange ! that Deceit shou'd more than Truth intice :
For soon you'd see, were but your Judgments nice;
That Opera's a Strumpet by her Price.*

*All Nations are for some Perfection Fam'd,
Let's not for losing what we have be sham'd :
Let French-men Dance ; th' Italians, Sing, and Paim,
Perfections we must have from them or want :
Arms we may teach 'em Both, and Both must say,
Our best Diversion is an English PLAY.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. Betterton.

COu'd Authors guess what Spirit wou'd possess you,
They then might better know, how to Address you?
Whether the kind, or cruel Part, you'l chuse,
Or blast, or shelter, a just sprouting Muse.
Unknown, unfriended, as our Poet is,
No Factions form'd, to save him from your Hiss;
No beauteous Shees, when his thin Third-Day comes,
To charm you hither, from the Drawing-Room:
No Party made, at Will's, or Tom's, or Sam's,
At pleasure you are left, to Save or Damn.
No Friend, that murdering Opera, may cease,
Or gain from t'other House, a six-days Peace.
Yet sanguine in the Vertue of his Cause,
He hopes Incouragement, if not Applause.
Mistaken Fool, to think to quit his Score
By Begging, at your charitable Door.
Who call best labour'd Scenes, mean trifling Art,
Guarding the soft Avenues, to your Heart.
Unless we shou'd the new Italian way,
Heav'n's then what Admiration you'd betray!
Nor dare to judge, unknowing what we say.

}
The

*The Terror which they move must needs be strong
 Where Wars, and Duels, are perform'd in Song.
 That Sound in spite of Sense, should please so long !
 Did Shakespear, Otway live, they'd live in vain,
 Amidst a Race who Nature's force disclaim ;
 Nature, the truest Touchstone of our Art,
 Did but great Nature reassume her part.
 Back to Monastick Altars, she'de constrain
 (Where Faith, not Reason, does the Rule maintain)
 The fugitive Voice, with all her Hymning Train.*

*Of you, bright Nymphs, our Author humbly prays,
 You wou'd forget what the rough Sultan says.
 Convinc'd, at length, he does your Empire own,
 And at your feet, lays all his Errors down.
 If his Performance, chance to please the Fair ?
 Joys so refin'd, no youthful Breast can bear :
 No more by Fear, or Modesty, conceal'd,
 He then will stand your happy Slave, reveal'd.*

Dram-

Drammatis Personæ.

C *Aliph Almanzor,* } ——— *Mr. Betterton.*
Sultan of the East.

Abdalla, his Brother. ——— *Mr. Wilks.*

The Grand Vizier. ——— *Mr. Keen.*

Alhador, Chief of } ——— *Mr. Bowman.*
the *Dervis.*

Morat, Chief of } ——— *Mr. Corey.*
the *Eunuchs.*

W O M E N.

Almyna, Eldest Daughter } ——— *Mrs. Barry.*
to the Vizier.

Zoradia, her Sister. ——— *Mrs. Bracegirdle.*

Mutes, Guards, Eunuchs.

SCENE, *the Capital of Arabia.*

ALM Y N A:

OR, THE

Arabian Vow.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Enter the Grand Vizier, and Alhador a Dervis.

Viz. **O** H Alhador ! Oh Brother ! holy Priest,
Such Cruelties no longer can be born.
Permit me to resign the *Vizier's* Seat,

And let me tell our *Caliph* great *Almanzor*
(That *Gardians* Sovereign, in all things else;
In whom fair Mercy, and strickt Justice, flourish.)
I was not form'd to murder helpless Women,
Under the sacred Name and veil of Marriage.
What is it else but Murther ? horrid Murther !
The Shrieks, and Dying Groans, of the poor Queen !
(Who now just now expired) sounds in my Ears,

B

And

And trembles at my heart, nor can Custom
Ere reconcile my Soul, to sighs like these.

Alth. Large is his Sway, Despotick is his Pow'r,
And holds the place of our great Prophet here:
Commander of the faithful Musselmén,
Caliph and Emperor; the Right is his,
To explain what in our holy *Alcoran*,
Or dark, or deep, or difficult appears,
Hence he expounds, that frailer Womankind,
Have mortal Souls, in common with the Brutes:
So are they born to Dye, to perish ever.
Not to Immortal Life, ordain'd as we,
No Blissful Paradise, nor curst Tree of *Zacon*:
No fears of Punishments, nor hopes of Blessings:
But of a piece they dye, and perish ever.

Viz. The Sight has quite unman'd me, *Alhador*,
And I forget the Bus'ness of this Morn,
Where to the States, our Emperor Declares;
(Unpresidented kindness in a Brother)
The youthful Prince *Abdalla*, Successor
And Heir, to all his vast Dominions.

Alth. I wish the Prince have Vertues, to deserve it;
Youthful and Rash, the Passions in full-speed,
And Reason not in view, to catch the Reins.
But I forget, he is your Son design'd,
And Weds *Almyna*, late my beauteous Charge.
At *Memphis* bred with me, in all *Egyptian* Learning,
The wonder of our Sex, and pride of hers.

Viz. Her Sister poor *Zoradia* hourly wastes,
Unknowing her Disease, I fear her loss,
Some secret Grief, some eating Sorrow, preys
Upon the roses of her lovely Cheeks,
And withers all her Bloom. But see the Prince.

Enter Abdalla.

Abd. Oh, my father! Uncle! blest Parents of my Love,
Breaths out this Morn, with a new fragrancy?
Sure our *Arabian* Gums, sweat double sweetness,

And

And the gay Sun, which rises on my hopes,
 Darts with propitious, and unclouded Glory.
 Blest Omens all, and by our Prophet sent,
 To cheer the drooping heart of thy *Abdalla*.
 Who but by Empire aims, to reach at Love,
 No longer will we then defer our Sute,
 But here (amidst of all those Royal Honours
 With which our Brother now invests our Hopes)
 I'll kneel, and speak it to his foster Soul;
 That there's a Bliss still wanting to my Joys;
 A Bliss which Crowns themselves cannot present
 And to be found, but in the fair *Almyna*.

Viz. I Beg you stay, till first those Rites be past,
 Which makes you Heir, immediate to his Pow'r,
 For much I fear my Lord, and much I doubt,
 You'll find his Stubborn heart, averse to softness,
 And all the milder Passions, bury'd in
 Strong Prejudice, and stern Aversion.
 You know at what a rate he holds the Sex,
 Since his lov'd Empress, gave up her high Honour,
 To the foul Arms of a base moorish Slave.
 Well she, indeed, deserv'd the Fate she met;
 But, oh, *Almanzor*, it is sure too much,
 To punish on the whole, the faults of One;
 Rash was thy Cruel, most prodigious Vow!
 Too nice thy Jealousy, and sense of Glory;
 Which, least another shou'd again betray,
 Has doom'd the fated Wretch, not to survive
 The Nuptials, that Night that gives her to his arms
 A glorious Bride, is but the Ev'ning of
 The Mornings fate : and I as Vizier *Azem*
 Am condemn'd, to see with Mutes, the horrid
 Deed perform'd!

Alh. Yet soon my Brother, I foretel,
 (If there be truth in Dreams, or rather Visions)
 This Cruelty, of our great Sultan's, shall have end.

The means not yet reveal'd, wait we till time
Calls forth the great Occasion to us.

Abd. Were but this heart with Love, like mine inflam'd;
He'd find no room for any other sway.
Revenge and Hate, does sure less fiercely glow;
Nay, every other Passion dyes before it.
Cou'd he but see, *Almyna's* gracious Form;
Cou'd he but hear, the moving Fair once speak;
She soon wou'd Melt his stubborn rash Resolves;
(In admiration of such Excellence)
Soon reconcile him to the injur'd Sex,
Reduce him to his knees, her lowest slave,
There to repeal his Vow, and sue to be forgiven.

Viz. Too like a partial Lover, now you speak,
For cou'd Youth, Innocence, or Beauty, plead
Against Revenge, and rigid sense of Honour,
The Sultaneſs, who but this Morning dy'd,
Might well have hop'd, to shine her length of Years.
By no rough storm, her head of Blossoms bow'd,
By no rude hand, pluck't from her native stalk,
But left to flourish long, and of her self to wither.
But see the Court, and Emperor appears.

Enter Almanzor, attended with a full Court.

Alb. Health, and unnumber'd Years, to great *Almanzor*.

Abd. Unfading Joys, to my Dear Lord, and Brother.

Viz. Commander of the faithful, mighty Caliph,
Your valiant Gen'ral *Tariff* sends you this,
King *Rodrigro's* Dead, the Conquest now intire,
All *Spain* submits, to great *Almanzor's* Arms!
Our warlike Prince, of *Mahomet's* blest Lineage!
Vicar of the most High! Supream, and Eminent!
I yield you Lord, of the Terrestrial Globe,
Larger than *Alexander's* is your Empire.
What can withstand such Force, or godlike Arms?
Affrick, Egypt, Bagdat, call you Lord,

The

The ~~three~~ *Arabia's*, *Sicily* is yours,
Damascus, *India*, *Persia*, by your self subdued;
Naples and *Spain*, by your great Gen'ral
 Reduced : gives footing to your Arms in *Europe*.

Sult. For this our praise is due to the most High,
 May we so govern, so Deserve the Blessing,
 For Justice, Temp'rance, Fortitude, renown'd,
 That's the true Fame, to noble Souls like mine
 From thence *Abdalla* thou'd we aim at Glory;
 Conquests, and Pow'r to those not truly good,
 Gives only means, of doing larger Ills.
 This day to Empire, we adopt thy Youth,
 (Let that be Witness how we love our Brother)
 Our Successor, and Heir to vast Dominions,
 Beware, thou doest not disappoint our Hopes;
 How will my Soul, in bliss, hereafter Mourn:
 Ev'n in the blissful Walks of *Eden* Mourn;
 If thou in ought degen'rate from Vertue,
 To have our People curse our fatal Choice,
 And say we left an Heir unworthy of 'em;
 Therefore, young Man, Improve thy self in Good,
 Walk worthy thy high Station, and our Favour.

Abd. Long may our Prophet spare your Noble Life;
 Long may you Govern 'ore this happy People,
 The distance of our Years, are but so few,
 Your Thred may carry longer Line than mine:
 But thou'd those Vertues, (which can here my Lord,
 Meet no Reward proportion'd to their greatness)
 Be call'd before me to the Land unknown,
 Your bright Examples leaves such tracts of Glory:
 As I wish Emulation, Pride, and Ease shall follow.

*After a flourish of Trumpets and Musick, Almanzor seats him-
 self on a magnificent Throne, Abdalla standing on the right hand,
 the Vizier on the left; Alhador brings the Alcoran wrapt
 in a piece of very rich Stuff, and lay it upon a small In-*

dian Table before the Throne; the Grandees rang'd on each side the Throne, Alhador speaks.

Alh. Great Lords, and Governors, of this high Empire, Grandees, and Councillors, and all here present. Caliph Almanzor, wills you, and requires, Hence forwards; for to own, know, and obey Abdalla Abenacer, his dear Brother, As Lawful Heir, and Master Absolute: After his Death, of all these Royal Realms. Do you Consent, to take an Oath according?

Omnes } We Do Consent.
Bowing }

Alh. Then as in token of your high Allegiance, And the possession, he in present, for The future takes, of all these Crowns, Kingdoms, Dominions, Islands, Powers and People, Do after, what you see, the King, and me.

The King rising takes Abdella by the Hand, and Seats him in the Throne; Abdella Kisses the King's Hand in token of Obedience. Almanzor, in sign of Blessing lays his Hand on Abdalla's Head, and also kissing his Hand, sits down on the Throne by Him, on his right Hand: The Dervis Kisses Abdella's Hand, afterward the Vizier, and then all the Grandees; the Musick sounds.

Alh. Great Lord and Governors, of this high Empire, Grandees and Councillors, and all here present, Do not you swear, and promise by your Prophet: By all contain'd, within this holy Alcoran, To acknowledge, and to hold for all your Lives, Abdella Abenacer, King, and Lord, Of all these Realms, as Lawful Successor, To his great Brother, Caliph Almanzor. Emperor of the East, the Lord of true Believers.

Omnes, } Yes, we promise it.
Bowing }

Alh.

Alb. Let him, or them, who fail in the performance,
Of ought they promise here, be counted vile,
Most perjur'd ! Infamous ! Rebellious !
A Traytor to the King, the State, and Throne !
And may our Prophet's Curse ! and that of the most High,
Fall on him, and all his Race for ever.

Omnes. May they fall on us, and our Race for ever.

Alb. To bind this Oath of your Allegiance fast,
And with the more solemnity, to publish it.
Let all here present imitate the King, and me,

*The King descends the Throne, and having Kiss'd the Alcoran,
touches his Forehead with it ; then Alhador, and after him,
all the Grandees ; the Musick sounding.*

Alb. Do you, young Prince, *Abdalla Abanacer* ?
Do not you Swear, and promise by your Prophet ?
By the most High, most Great, the unseen Pow'r ?
By all contain'd within this holy *Alcoran* !
In Quality of King, and Lord of Realms ;
T' administer to all your People Justice,
Maintain, and keep 'em in those Privileges :
Your Predecessor Kings, in General,
Or in particular, have granted 'em,
That they may flourish long, and live in Peace,
Nor suffer Wrong, or Injury be done 'em ?

Abd. Yes, I do Swear, and promise it.

Alb. Then mind it well, *Abdalla Abanacer* ;
And mind it so to keep it, else may the
Curse of *Mahomet*, and the most High !
Fall sure on your devoted Head, as on
The perjur'd ones !

Abd. As on the perjur'd ones ;

Alb. To shew the solemnness of this your Oath,
Your Highness is requir'd to do as I do.

*Kisses the Book, touches his Forehead with it ; presents it to
the Prince, who does the same ; loud Musick plays ; They
descend the Throne.* *Sult.*

Sul. Our Thanks to all; meet us at the Banquet;
Till then, the Assembly be dissolv'd; rich Robes,
And other Gifts, proportion'd to our Love,
Waits you within, so may the true believers flourish.

Omnes } Long Life to Great *Almanzor*, and the Prince;
Bowing }

[*Exit.*

Abdalla, and the Vizier kneel on each side
the Sultan.

[*Sleeps.*

Sult. What wou'd our dear *Abdalla*, and our *Vizier*?

Abd. Tho' rais'd to Empire; I am still a Beggar,
Falling, my Lord, thus prostrate before you,
With Love and Awe I view your Royal Form,
Snatching the Omens of your Eyes as fate,
Their pointed Glories, dart-like Sun-beams round
Propitious Influence, and I will speak.

But, oh, with care I ought to weigh the sound:
For on the nice Request, that I shall make,
A Brother's happiness, nay, Life depends.

Sult. Can any thing, in all our large Extent
Of Pow'r, or Empire; be deny'd thy hopes?
Art thou not now, receiv'd our Successor?
Next to my Throne, and Dearest to my Heart?
Does not our Oath, excluded all other Heirs?
I cannot, must not, will not, have an other.
Speak then, in Confidence of my Assent,
Not thy own youthful Heart, can more Desire,
Than I with Lavish love, and Lavish Joy can grant.

Abd. Tho' reinforc'd, by all this wondrous goodness,
I know not how, to give my Thoughts a Voice,
My throbbing Heart, and working Pulse beats high,
The vital springs of Life, with doubt attend
Th' important Charge, Wound to the utmost height.
By eager Hopes, by Fears, and Expectation,
One Frown of yours destroys the whole Machine,
Arrests the Wheels of Life, and bids the Motion Cease.

Viz.

Viz. Let not thy Mightiness be lost in Wonder.
 Wonder, at what the youthful Prince has said.
 Survey his Bloom, read but his sparkling Eyes;
 Consult the Flushings of his glowing Cheeks,
 The alternate Cold, successive to the Burning;
 His beating Heart, pale Lips, and falt'ring Tongue!
 Then soon resolve your self, he is a Lover,
 But with that Duty, to his Royal Brother,
 As without his permission, not to hope:
 Therefore as low as Dust, we jointly Bow.
 He for his Love, I for my Daughter's honour:
Almyna is his Choice; by her he lives,
 And begs your Leave, to court, and win the Maid.

Sult. Up to our Arms, our *Vizier* and *Abdalla*,
 I must Confess, with strong surprize I hear,
 That after all the Warnings of my fate,
 Thou can'st Attempt, to fix thy Joys in Air:
 In less, in nothing; for no more are Women:
 Form'd as our Prophet says, without a Soul,
 By Nature bad, by Chance, if ever Good?
 Their Shining out-side but a gawdy bait,
 To make us take the toyl from Nature to our selves,
 And do her drudgery, of propagation.
 Had she not produced those glittering Ills,
 We had like Trees and Plants, from Sun, and Earth:
 Our Common Parents rose; masculine, and wise,
 Free from the Mother-vices, folly, doatage,
 Enervate softness, and destroying Passions,
 Fraud, Jealousy, Revenge, or Treachery!
 And all the Cruel Train, of female Falsehood.

Abd. 'Tis much too hard, for one to Doom 'em all
 Cou'd you but read *Almyna's* noble Soul.
 Th'etherial fire, that sparkles from her breast!
 Soon wou'd our Prophet's notion, come in doubt.
 She is not only Fair, but Wife and Good:
 Her Vertue fixt, upon a sure Foundation;

Well has she too, Employ'd her early Years,
Join'd Art to Nature, and improv'd the Whole.
What ever *Greek* or *Roman* Eloquence,
Egyptian Learning, and Philosophy can teach;
She has, by Application, made her own.

Sult. So much the worse, she's still the greater Ill,
A Contradiction, to her very Nature.

Born to obey, to know, they nothing know;
Wou'd they Usurp our just Prerogative,
Add to their native pride of Ignorance,
The double pride of seeming Knowledge,
Vain of their outward Forms, they well may be.

But when with Notions of Philosophy,
The Languages, and Eloquence they fight
Intrench'd ; with false Quotations, History,
And the mistaken Learning of the Schools,
There's not another, such forbidding Wretch !

The very Error of Creation ! The top
Of Vanity, and all Impertinence !

No *Abdalla*, keep Reason still in view.

Whose light, in what belongs to mortal Life,
Ought never, never, to be lost !

And but Eclips'd in what relates to Heav'n.

Abd. Wou'd I with Reason live, I must with Reason love,
For that Distinguisher of Good and Evil ;

That Guide of Life, that more than human Instinct,
Points me, to all Perfections in *Almyna* ;

Almyna, or the Grave, must be my Lot,
The silent Grave, furnish'd with all things for
My turn, because found Empty of Desire.

Sult. Fond doating Boy, thou hast not sure forgot,
The King of *Tartary* (our Brother's) Infamy, and mine,
Must we awake thy Memory, with the Grief
And Anguish of our own, like thee we lov'd,
Like thee to Honor's, did Advance our Loves.
Beauty (a Woman's Merit) shone in both Conspicuous,

But

But when at *Samarcand* he left his Bride,
 (Unfated Love, still glowing in his Breast)
 Returning unexpected back, in the dead
 Silence of the Guilty Night, he found the false,
 The curst Adultress in another's Arms!
 Well did he execute, his instant Veng'ance on 'em,
 And by his Scymiter unite their Fates.
 That done, to our *Arabian* Court, he took his Way,
 To seek his fury, by Travel, or Diversion.
 But, oh, a fatal damp, like Death sat on him,
 Benighting all his Joys, till on a day,
 (For ever blotted be that guilty Moment,
 Torn from th' Account of Time, and lost to Nature,)
 For in the Gardens of the Queen's Seraglio,
 (Which she thought inaccessible to all,
 Not knowing we had privileg'd our Brother)
 He found the Eastern Empress, all undrest,
 Supinely laid, upon a Bed of Flowers,
 Her flowing robes, no longer veild her Charms!
 But all the bright Adultress, stood Confest!
 Enjoying, and enjoy'd, by a vile moorish Slave.
 Mayn't she be vile, and yet *Almyra* Chast?
 Nay, thousands, thousands, more, oh, Emperor!
 There is no Cure, for Love like mine, but Love.

Sult. I was like you Incredulous, till these Eyes,
 These very Eyes, were witness of my shame,
 And then we swore, never to Love another.
 Nor shall they have our Honour in their keeping;
 No, not a day, lest in that day they wrong it.
 To exclude for ever, all our thoughts of Heirs,
 Thou art received, and known our Successor;
 For in conjunction with so weak a Sex,
 Who can produce, or hope, a Noble Specie?
 But since, as Man, our Appetities are keen,
 And by our Wants, we feel that we are Mortal:
 Like the other Souless part of the Creation,

They'r born, and must for our convenience dye,
As some for Food, these for a softer use.

Thus I assert our great Prerogative ;
Which you, if you are wise will imitate.

Abd. Oh, There's the Wound! the cold *Almyra*
Unkindling at my fires, repels the flame :
Deaf to her Father's most perswasive Voice,
Fixt in herself, Deigns not to hear my sute.
And as we guess, fears for her precious Life,
Shou'd she consent to be our Royal Bride.
Therefore, my Brother, thus I lowly beg,
You wou'd assure her, that the Cruelty
Practis'd upon your Wives, may not extend to mine.

Sult. 'Tis granted, and you have our free Consent,
For vain 'tis found, to Combate youthful Passions,
Enjoy'd, like flowers, they in the gathering, fade ;
Nay, scarce the Mem'ry remains, of any sweetness !
Time can alone restore you to your self,
(That Enemy, to Joys, and Young Desires,)
Till then, if Love can make you so, be blest.

Abd. Words are too weak, my Lord, and thanks too poor,
To speak my Sense, of this exalted Blessing :
Let but Occasion call, tho' ne'reso great,
A danger eminent, as in your Goodness.
With highest gratitude, and Love to Friend,
Inflam'd as now, what Worlds cou'd I not conquer ;
Nay, sure *Almyra* can no longer frown,
No longer, with her beautilous show'ry Tears,
Seek to allay my gusts, of raging Passions.
O *Vizier* ! oh, my Father ! Dost thou think
By these Imperial Hopes, the cruel Maid,
May not be brought to change her Fears and Coldness ?

Viz. Most sure, my Lord, Ambition rules the Sex.
How far, indeed, she may degenerate
Experience must inform, all Aids that are
Within the bounds of such a Father's pow'r :

Who

Who not pretends to force, but guide the Will,
Are yours.

Salt. Appears she cold; 'tis strong Dissimulation,
For they, by nature, much o're match our fire.
Born to no other end, but propagation;
Instinct to them, as to their fellow Brutes,
Goads on, to Multiply, 'tis true, indeed,
(In imitation of our Sexe's Charter,
With a Prerogative usurpt from Man)
They have their Objects, of Desire, and Loathing;
Base Man, inflav'd to Passions, first resign'd
His high born Reason, to a Woman's sway!
Tyrant to those, o're whom they can usurp,
But mean and fawning to the bold and brave;
As we our Love, so they their Pride advance,
And with our Doatage, buy the World's Opinion:
Who call 'em Chast, if they to us seem cold,
The whilst some lurking, worthless, happy Villain,
With fulsome Raptures, rifles all their Sweets.

*With them, true Merits, sure to suffer still,
Of Reason void abounding in Self-will:
Short momentary Joys, they give, for long, long Tears of Ill.* }

Exeunt Omnes.

A C T.

A C T. II. SCENE. I.

*A Garden, Zoradia lying a Sleep upon a Repose of Flowers.
Song and Musick; Almyra assisting by, rises after
the Song, and speaks.*

Alm. **O**H, Zoradia, may all thy Griefs in sleep be drown'd.
O sleep, thou Elder Brother to pale Death;
Born 'er he once was thought on, if we may
Guess at him by thee; Death is not sure,
So terrible to Man, as Men believe:
Since Sleep is not without a rest from Cares,
May some delightfulness! for see she Smiles
The fancy loos'd abroad from racking sense,
With incoherent Pleasures, dance in Dreams;
And treats us better than our waking Reason.
Reason too weak in Youth, too vainly strong in Age:
For then the Ebbing-Blood, needs no Restraint;
But glides uninterrupted in its Channel,
The Spirits fail, that furnish Hope and Joy;
And Reason, well may without Rivals reign.
But when the Passions rage, and Youth beats high!
Why does the Coward, not sustain his Ground?
Why Rally not, to the important Charge,
When Dangers eminent and Glory calls?
Why nam'd the Guide, and Guardian of our Lives,
Yet tamely gives us up to each Invader?
See, she wakes; how fares my Mourning Sister?
Zor. Ye Powers! might I for ever, ever Sleep!
Why do I wake, or waking think again?
Madness may Break this Link, unloose this Chain,
And Thought without Coherence be no torment.
To think unknowing what I think, or am

That

That is the State I mean, for not to be,
Is better far, than to be Miserable.

Almya, pray dismiss thy tender Cares,
Waste not those precious Tears, for Grief like mine,
On whom the irremediable hand of Death,
Strikes with unerring force.

Alm. To see thee thus, and yet not know the Cause
Is double, double sorrow to thy Sister,
Dost thou distrust my Secresy or Love?
Oh, no! too well thou know'st my friendship's height,
That thou, without a Rival, hold'st my Heart.
The Mold is thine, thy Image there imprest,
And I to thee are fram'd of yielding Softness.

Zor. Oh never! never! let me dare to name it.
But in Dispair, and Silence, shrink to Earth.
That still the wretched comfort of my Woes;
That I can dye, and not report the Cause.

Alm. Is this the Vertue that thou hast profess?
This the Return to all thy Sister's Love?
To give thy Youth and Beauties up to Death,
To the destroyer, who attacks thy Bloom,
Sends foul Dispair, to seize thy coward-heart,
And reconcile thee, to that foe Self-murther,
That most detested Enemy of Life,
That Sin unpardonable, since we dye in it,
And have no room to ask of Heaven forgiveness.

Zor. Preach to the raging Winds, or Mountain Seas,
When they in Loudest Tempests, brave each other;
As soon they'll hear, as soon be reconcil'd,
Those who like me, are deafen'd by Despair;
Find Arguments but vain, Perswasion vain,
And Life a double Burthen, from you Persecution.

Alm. Twice has the Glorious Sun, perform'd its Course;
Twice our pale Crescent, beautify'd the Night.
Since thou obdurate Wretch, has once receiv'd
The least supply, or nourishment to Nature.

But

But obst'rate, and Deaf to all our kind Efforts,
 Hast purpos'd to Destroy the best of Fathers :
 When he shall hear thy stubborn, curs'd Retolves,
 'Twill bring his Age in Mourning to the Grave,
 And send thy drooping Sister quickly after,

Zor. Hear me not, Heaven, unjustly thus accus'd !
 I cou'd for ever Live, nay, Live in Torments ;
 In this Excess, these ragings of the Mind ;
 Oh, I cou'd more than Dye, to please my Father !
 And by *Almyra*, what have I not suffer'd ?
 How is my Life, of consequence to either ?
 Oh, 'tis impossible, is not he gone,
 This very Morning to the grand Seraglio,
 To beg the Sultan ; wed thee to the Prince ?
 Are happy Nuptials then, the Signs of Woe ?
 Grieves he for me, when he prepares thy Joys ?
 Or thou, when waiting *Hymen* stands in Call,
 And all the little Train of laughing Loves,
 What fears my Death, shou'd make impressions on thee,
 When Circled in thy doating Bridegroom's Arms ?
 A Prince so young, so Noble, and so Charming !
 To whom the rest of Mankind seem but Foyls ;
 Tho' his are Charms, cannot be said to need 'em.

Alm. Is he so charming then, *Zoradia* ?

Zor. Or rather, is he not ? What rays his Eyes ?
 What Beauty ? Yet, what Majesty his Person ?
 His Words how soft, yet strike with such a force,
 That sure no listning *Virginia* can resist 'em !
 But, oh, alas ! these are those happy Objects,
 With which the lost *Zoradia*, must not mingle.
 Cou'd I but force the Barriers of thy Love,
 But scape thy vigilance, and fly this Palace,
 Soon our *Arabian* Desarts shou'd be fill'd,
 With the distracted Mournings, of *Zoradia*,

Alm. Where's then the Friendship thou hast vow'd to me ?
 Woud'st thou forgo my Love, and weep in shades ?

To

To wander all alone in Defart Wilds,
 Or join Society with Cruel Beasts :
 The howling Wolf, or the devouring Tyger.
 Woud'st thou to them, bequeath thy precious Life ?
 Thy Beauteous Limbs, torn by their Savage fierceness :
 Wou'd wander a pale Ghost a thousand Years ?
 Ere thou maist Cross, to the blest happy Plains,
 'Cause thy devoted Bones, lye scatter'd here,
 And cannot gain, the sacred Rites of Burial.

Zor. Those Images you raise; to me want Terror.
 What Ills in future, can be like the present ?
 Oh, Lead me quickly to the Verge of Life.
 Some lofty Precipice, or raging Torrent ;
 Thrust me amidst a thousand savage Monsters !
 Let 'em devour me all upon the Instant !
 No matter what insues, so Thought but Dyes :
 And the distracted labo'ring Mind find rest.

Alm. Turn thee, and seek that Ease within my Breast :
 Unbosom here the cause of thy Despair,
 Thy dearest Sister's arms, are open to thee :
 Her truth, her Secrecy, her Love is thine ;
 Faithful, and kind, and silent, as thy Wishes !
 Groan here thy Griefs, I will partake in all :
 And if not find a Cure, at least Dye with thee.

Zor. Oh, no !
 I tell thee Sister, I'de not trust the Grave,
 Not whisper there, the Sorrows of *Zoradia* :
 Least it no longer, shou'd its silence keep ;
 But eccho back to thee, my dreadful Secret.

Alm. What can it be ; What Mischiefs hast thou done ?
 What Crimes committed, in this Morn of Life ?
 Ha ! thou hast not sure in thought, once wrong'd thy Honour ?
 Beware, 'twou'd not but suspect thy Virtue !
 Thou wer't no Friend for me, with such a Stain,
 Is it not Love ? Is it not Guilty Love ?

D

That

That racks thy Conscience, and presents Despair.
 Speak Wretch, and in one word, strike fate to Both !
 Thy ebbing Blood, forsakes thy guilty Cheeks,
 Thy trembling Lips, and Looks, do more then speak!
 Confusion, thou art sinking too, *Zoradia*.

Zor. Well may I sink, if my supporter fail.
 Thy Friendship, was my only prop of Life.
 Cruel *Almyna*, what hast thou not done ?
 How many Racks dost thou at once imploy,
 To rend thy doleful Sister's breaking Heart ?
 Did I not Love thee much, what Indignation ?
 What Rage, Revenge, and Fury shou'd succeed ;
 Thy rash, distrustful, Censure, of my Honour ?

Alm. Alas ! I was to blame, can'st thou forgive ?
 With Tears, *Zoradia*, I will wash the Stain,
 Do any Pennance, that thy Rage enjoins.
 I will no more, suspect thee of such Weakness.
 Thou dost not, can'st not Love, for if thou didst
 What Lover, to such Charms, presents Despair ?
 Or if unlov'd again, to great remorse ?

Zor. Oh, all ye Powers ! What has *Almyna* said ?
 A Lover, and unlov'd, Remorse, Despair !
 Yes, I have strong remorse, and dreadful Pains !
 Beware thou touch not on that fatal string.
 Confusion, Discord, Chaos, must ensue :
 And I 'ore prest, shall fall amidst the ruin !

Alm. Both sink together, with thee I will plunge,
 I must, I will, to snatch this fatal Secret,
 Give it me quick, I cannot dye without it.

Zor. Both perish e're this Tongue reveal my shame,
 Who shall be just to me, when to my self I'me false ?
 Or, what superior strength, hast thou, to keep a Secret ?
 Untold 'tis mine, when told, it is the World's ;
 The censuring World's, that Doubles all our Faults.
 With no indulgent Eyes, invades our Steps.

But, like our shadow, lengthens as we pass.

[*A Slave enters and Whispers Almyna.*

Alm. The Vizier is return'd from the Serrail,
And will immediately be with us here.
To him, I shall reveal thy fatal purpose,
Nor longer be concealer of thy Crime;
I'll tell him, thou hast done (to urge thy Fate)
What Nature most abhors: Forbore thy Food,
These two long Days, and Nights, refus'd relief:
That base remorse, and Coward Guilt does haunt thee,
For some notorious Deed, that shuns the light.
How then in lieu, of all his doatage to thee,
Conspir'd to break his tender Heart with Grief.
Tho' poor *Almyna*, has in vain Essay'd
(By all the means of Gentleness and Love)
To Draw this wicked Secret from thy Breast.

Zor. Oh, spare my Father, I conjure you spare him!
Let him not hear, of poor *Zoradia's* Weakness.
I dare not stand the shock of his Commands.
Is it not terrible, to hear thee urge.
(With all thy Eloquence) my heart to tell
A Secret I had Sworn shou'd perish with me?
But thou must bring additional Oppression,
Lay on more Load, to one already sinking.
Cannot I rest within the silent Grave,
And he believe, it was the work of Nature?

Alm. He comes, and I besure, will keep my purpose.

Zor. Defer a little longer, but till he be gone,
And then my trembling Heart, shall beat it's Secret.
Oh, Sister! spare his Grief, and my Confusion,
Letting me only to thy conscious Ear.
Relate the wretched story of my Woe.
By all the Love, thou hast profess'd, Oh, stay!
I see thy eager Looks intent on ruin,

On the Confession, of thy cruel purpose.

Stay but a moment I will tell thee all :

And hide within thy breast, my guilty Blushes.

Alm. Swear to do this, and I will not reveal thee.

Zor. By our great Prophet; solemnly I swear.

Enter the Grand Vizier.

Viz. How fares my Children? How does poor *Zoradia*?

Zor. As one who by slow Hecticks hourly wastes,
Sees Death in view, a kind relieving Friend.

Yet he ungrateful, steps not forth to meet him.

Viz. May Heaven prolong thy Days, and cure these Ills,
For should'st thou drop, thy Father's Joys were gone.

Almyra ravish'd from my Arms to Empire,
I had with thee, my Child, resolv'd to waste
The remnant of my Life, in Solitude.

Far from the guilty hurry of the Court,
Far from the cruel Ills, are practis'd there,
Th' inseparable Bus'ness of my Charge,
To see how Innocents are often strangled.
Dashes my Blood, with horror and Compassion.

Alm. Are there no Remedies for these great Ills?
Our Sultan wife, and good in all things else;
Brave, Generous, and Just, wou'd sure desist:
Did he but hear the Murmurs of his People.
How they exclaim against this waste of Beauty:
This cruel ravage, of the fairest Lives.

Why does not some kind Tongue report the Cry,
The sad Complaining, of those wretched Parents?

Zor. Oh Father, you are Vizier here, supream,
First Councillor, and Guide of Empire; 'tis your place
To represent the Wrongs of the Opprest.

Viz. So absolute, alas! our *Calipes* are;
'Tis death to all, who dare to cross their Wills!
Tho' we his Councils, often have endeavour'd

By

By strongest Arguments, and fair Persuasion,
 To root out this vast prejudice against your Sex.
 Taught by our Prophet, he commits no Crime
 (As he believes) 'cause Women have no Souls.
 Cou'd we in that refute his seeming fixt Opinion,
 The work were done, for goodness is his Nature :
 And cruelty but by Wrongs, and Jealousy acquired.

Alm. Oh, 'twere a noble Work, and full of Glory !
 What tho' the path, seem dangerous, or hard ?
 Who wou'd not aim to tread it, to preserve
 The Lives of the Distress'd and Innocent ?

Viz. Leave we the work to Heav'n, *Almyna*.
 (For Heav'n in its own time, redresses VVrongs)
 Remorse from thence, must touch his Royal Breast.
 Our present business is a softer Theam,
 (In which I do command you to obey)
 Thy Prince, thy Lover, promis'd by the Sultan
 That thou shalt live and Reign ; comes on with hopes
 T' Enjoy thy Beauties as his happy Bride.
 And *Albador* attends to join your hands.
 This Moment we require thy kind Assent.
 The Emperor, indulgent to his Heir,
 Proves lavish to his Love, and thy Ambition !
 I came before to warn thee of this Honour,
 And must be ready, to receive the Prince. [*Exit Vizier.*

Alm. Why weeps *Zoradia* ? why, dost thou tremble thus ?
 My Father's gone, but for a Moment gone.
 Therefore employ the time (e're he return)
 And to *Almyna* speak thy promis'd Griefs.

Zor. Oh, 'tis confusion all ! and I shall sink,
 Bear me *Almyna*, lay me gently down.
 I shudder, tremble, dye, at the Oppression !

Alm. Call up thy Courage to thy aid, and think
 Thou speakest but to thy self, when 'tis to me.

Zor.

Zor. Can'st thou not spare my words, and guess the cause ?
 Can'st thou not in my Eyes and Blushes read,
 What passion use, to swell a Virgin's Soul ?
 They say 'tis gentle, but I'me all a Tempest ?
 Yet Whirlwinds cease, and raging Seas subside ?
 Mine only knows, no Intervals in Nature.

Alm. Save me ye Spirits, Guardians of the Good :
 From Loves most cruel, and Tyrannick Force.
 Oh ! may no Powers of his reveal my Mind !
 May I not conquer'd be, as poor *Zoradia* .
 Is it not so ? my much unhappy Sister ?

Zor. Thou, not I, has said it, my Shame reveal'd,
 May I not now have leave, to Dye in Peace ?

Alm. Thou art not the first Virgin, that has Lov'd
 And yet been happy ; have hopes *Zoradia*.

Zor. Oh never, never ! I can n'ere be happy !
 I was ! but now 'tis past, I once was blest ;
 But oh ! the Track is lost, and not to berecover'd.

Alm. Has Death then seiz'd, and rob'd thee of thy hopes ?

Zor. Yes, the most cruel Death, the Death of Love.
 Superior Beauty, has debauch'd him from me.
 False to his Promises, his Obligations :
 When my fond heart, had own'd it's Doatage to him.
 Then, then to be abandon'd, oh, 'tis ruin !
 'Tis worse than any Death, to be forsaken !
 After two Years in utmost Cares employ'd,
 To find the soft Recesses of my Heart ;
 When it was yielding all ; and all consenting :
 And nothing but my Father's knowledge wanting,
 To crown our seeming Joys. Then, then to lose him,
 And have the Wretch to tell his Heart in scorn,
Zoradia Loves, and is by me forsaken,
 Yet still to Death doats on, tho' I despise.
 Are not these mighty Ills, relieve me Pride,
 Relieve one Glory, and strike the Succours here !

Alm.

Alm. Help, oh, Heavens ! I have the Dagger from thee !
Despairing Wretch, has not our Father power
To force thy Love, whosoe're he be,
To do a Justice worthy of thy Love ?
He is not married to another sure ?

Zor. But soon he will, and I must tamely gaze,
On all the transports of the happy Pair !
How can'st thou wish me Life, at such a price ?

Alm. The Vizier can forbid these fatal Nuptials.

Zor. And woud'st thou poorly have one seek redress
In Power, and beg a Husband from it.
I chuse to dye, and not complain of Wrong,
In silence dye, conceal my Grief, and Love,
Rather than have him know his Triumph.

Alm. Who is this Lover ? Who this happy Rival ?

Zor. Ay, there, Fate deals me its severest Wound ;
Woud'st thou believe that Circumstance the worst ?
Had fortune rais'd up any other Charms,
But laid my Ruin on another Woman ;
My Passion might have been exchang'd to Hate,
Had that way hop'd Relief ! but 'tis impossible !
Can'st thou not guess, the happy too Lov'd fair ?

Alm. Oh ! what Scene is Fate disclosing to me ?
And must the Prince appear in't, as a Villain ?

Zor. Alas ! have I not now, thy Leave to Dye ?
Can there in Life, be one forlorn as me ;
Opprest by Friendship, and undone by Love ?
My potent Rival, ever in my sight ;
And never from my heart : Farewell ! farewell !
Conceal the Cause, conceal my Grievs, my Weakness :
Let not my Father know, his Daughrer's shame,
But save his Tears ; and spare thy Husband's Triumph.

[*Going.*]

Alm. Come back, *Zoradia*, Fate is in my Call :
I am mark't down a Sacrifice to Glory,

And

And had'st thou ne're been born, wou'd not have been
Abdalla's Bride my heart secure, amidst
 His thousand Charms, remains untouch'd and cold.
 I have a Nobler purpose far, which thou
 My Lovely Mourner, soon shalt know : Mean time
 Tell me the birth, of thy unhappy Love ?

Zor. Wou'd I wish thee, at *Memphis* had been bred,
 Or thou at Court with me, thy stronger Vertue
 Then had been my guide, and fortify'd this heart.
 But, by report, I only knew my Sister.
 'Tis two years since, the Prince pretended Love,
 And gain'd no easy Conquest over mine ;
 I charg'd him keep the Secret from my Father.
 (A Fault for which I have severely suffer'd)
 Till over-come at length by his Persuasion,
 I gave him Leave, to ask me of the Vizier,
 Just in that fatal Moment, thou arriv'd'st
 With thy Superior, and too dazzling Charms!
Abdalla blinded by Excels of Light ;
 Forsook his Guide of Truth, to wander in false Darknes.
 To thee he sacrific'd my hopes, his Vows,
 And all the Love, he had profess'd before.
 Secure my Pride wou'd not reveal his Guilt,
 He openly to thee, avows his Passion.
 Guess at the secret Torments of my Soul ;
 Or rather it's despair ! But see he comes !
 Shield me ye Powers, and Tempests whirl me home !
 I cannot bear the Exultings of his Joy ;
 He comes ! the fatal, happy Bridegroom comes !
 I fly ! I yield, for Death, and he, must conquer.

[*Exit Zoradia.*

Enter

Enter Abdalla.

Abd. Where is this Star, this shining Guide of Life?
 Where is my Queen? oh, pardon fair *Almyna*,
 The over-flowings of a Lover's transports.
 I shou'd approach with Reverence to Awe,
 But mine are Joys, permits not any form.
 Methinks I tread the Air, or am sublim'd;
 And by such Raptures, feel my self Immortal.
 The Vizier waits; the God of Marriage waits
 For thee, the brightest Votary e're kneel'd to *Hymen*,
 When the slow Priest, shall have perform'd his part,
 And join'd to thine, this ever faithful Heart.
 Back to enchanting Bowers, my Love I'll bear,
 Where fragrant Odours, sweetens all the Air.
 There to explore that Bliss, as yet unknown,
 And make thy world of Beauties, all my own:
 VVhen to these Raptures, I my Soul resign,
 And thou in all my Extasies shall join,
 Our Prophet's Paradise, can never equal mine.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

E

ACT

A C T. III. SCENE. I.

Enter the Vizier, Alhador, and Almyna.

Viz. **B** Ase, inconstant, treacherous *Abdalla* !
 How cou'd *Zoradia's* worth, deserve thy Scorn ?
 How cou'd a Heart like hers be 'ere despised ?
 Such Beauty, Youth, and melting Tendernefs.
 Or, why must I, not seek, or hope redress,
 Because thou art our mighty Sultan's Heir ?
 Shou'd Birth, or Honours, privilege a Baseness ?
 Old as I am, my Arm in such a cause,
 Can n'ere want Vigour, when it strikes with Justice.
 Dye then betrayer, sink with all thy Guilt.
 I'll plunge in after, thousand Fathoms down,
 To make my Vengeance sure ; nor shalt thou fly
 To any Sanctuary, where I'll not follow.
 Not *Mahomet's* Tomb ! thy mighty Brother's Love,
 Nor his unbounded Pow'r, shall be a refuge from me.

Alm. Dry up your Tears, and smoothe that furrow'd Brow.
 Passions, my Lord, but seldom mend a Wrong ;
 Where Anger ends, Repentance still begins !
 If you wou'd calmly argue, I might hope
 To point a means, to give the best redress.

Viz. How durst the Royal Villain, once presume,
 To dally with the Honour of my House ?
 Was't not enough that he himself was base ?
 But he must make me partner in his Guilt,
 With me reward his falseness to *Zoradia*.
 With thy possession ! Oh, 'tis much, too much !
 Surely thus fir'd, it were no hard attempt,

To

To scale yon Firmament, for my Revenge.
 Ransack the Stores of Lightning, Storms and Thunder!
 Pluck the Bolts hissing, from the Forger's hand!
 And hurl them glowing, on the Traytor's head.

Alm. You have already been in part reveng'd,
 Just at the Altar, dashing all his hopes;
 He suffers more from Grief, than you from Rage:
 But if we Love and Pity poor *Zoradia*,
 'Tis not his Death, but Change will be her Cure.
 The means how to recal the Wanderer's heart,
 And give it back to her's, must be our Search.
 Take by my Marriage, with another Lord,
 The means of ever hoping from the Prince,
 The Consequence is plain, he turns to her,
 With all his Charms, and Tenderness returns,
 And you, and she, may yet be Bless'd as ever.

Viz. Wisdom is in thy heart, but Rage in mine.
 I am not fit to hear, tho' thou to speak;
 Unless to Vengeance, thou could'st tune thy Voice.

Alm. And yet his Crime is but Inconstancy,
 A trifle of a Vice in Men's Esteem:
 Because so natural to all the Sex;
 Inconstancy, the practice of their Lives.
 Sure from each other, may expect Indulgence.
 'Tis we that ought to grieve, to rage, to dye,
 When by such common Frauds, abus'd, forsaken!
 We that want Reason's force, to check the Passions.
 Expecting all things, from their Vows, and flat'ry
 In nothing answer'd, but in Disappointment.
 But I to Glory have resign'd my Life,
 That Spiritual Pride of Noble hearts!
 And not to be as Love, Cloy'd with Possession.
 Glory the strongest passion of great Minds!
 Which none but Souls enlarg'd, can entertain
 Uncommon, wonderful, and Excellent!

Heroick ! which Excites ; nay, more, Commands !
Our admiration, Homage, and Applause.

Alb. *Almyra*, Whether wou'st thou ; thou'rt transported ?

Alm. What Raptures, must those happy Spirits feel
Whose great Renowns, from God-like Deeds perform'd,
Sounds thro' the Spacious Globe ? They who contemn
'Even Death for Glory, have made a Nation bless'd.
Oh, what wou'd I not do ! for such a Triumph ?
Sure our great Prophet, has enlarg'd my Soul ;
I speak from him inspir'd, it must be so :
I feel the Sacred Glowings in my Bosom,
And am Devoted all, to Death, or Empire !

Viz. What means my Daughter ?

Alm. When by great actions we resign our Breaths,
'Tis not to dye, but more immortally to Live ?
Our days shou'd not by Length, be numbr'd o're,
But by the Heroick Deeds, we have perform'd !
How shall my Name, to After-Ages flourish,
If I succeed in this exalted purpose ?
How will the noble ardour be recorded,
That call'd me forth, to save my Country's ruin ?
Or, if I Dye, my Memory shall Live !
To After-ages live, and live with Glory !

Viz. Thou dost, indeed, appear, as if inspir'd,
Thy Form and Voice enlarg'd, thy Eyes strike fire,
A glory shines around thy lovely Face,
Something Divine, that gives my Soul an awe.
Speak on Prophetick Maid, thy Father hears.

Alm. Since by your means, he makes his fatal Marriages,
I kneel, my Lord, and beg you to procure me,
The Honour of our mighty Sultan's Bed !
Start not at my Request, it comes from Heav'n,
From thence derived, to save the innocent Lives
Of Virgin-daughters, and their Parent's tears.
To stop the Course of such Barbarity ;

Dispel

Dispel the Fears of trembling Mothers, who
Thro' this great Empire hourly dread his Choice.

Viz. No more, *Almyra*, thou art mad, indeed.
What Enthusiastick Fury does possess thee?
What Vanity? What Folly? Or, what Pride?
What Hopes hast thou, to make a Convert here?
Take heed, young Maid, thou run not on thy fate,
And meet the after-Curse, due to self-Murther.
Are there more Charms in thee than those have dy'd?
Already perish'd, by our Sultan's Vow?
Has he not sworn, by his Imperial Soul,
By *Mahomet*, by all things binding here,
Never to sleep, a second time, with any?

Alm. That Vow, my Lord, I must Dissolve or Dye?
Oh, Uncle, you have been my sacred Guide!
To harmonious Glory, tuned the listning Soul:
Taught me that Death, with Honour shou'd be fought,
Rather than Life with indolence, or pleasure!
Led me out of that Track of other Ladies,
Whom idle Education often make,
An useless Burden to Creation!
Where Vanity and Folly, bear the Sway,
And leaves no Wish, for any Deeds of Glory.

Alb. I did, my Child, and now with Pride receive,
The true Reward, due to my Earnest Cares.
Thou art from Fate ordain'd to do its work,
And make a Convert, of our mighty Sultan.
I saw thee, in the Visions of the Night,
With Royal Robes, and an Imperial Crown.
Deal Honours to the prostrate Croud about thee,
Almanzor too, adoring of thy Vertue.
Cry'd here's the End of Cruelty, and Blood!
Here's an Attonement made for all the Sex!
No longer let their trembling Virgins fear,
Here ends our Vow! for here *Almyra's* Reign begins!

This

This in repeated Visions, I have seen.

But ne're before reported, therefore, Brother,
Fear not, but follow what the Maid Inspires!

Viz. O holy Frenzy! Reverend Madness!
Thou knowest not what it is to be a Father;
Think! oh, with Horror, think! when I'm Condemn'd
To plunge my Poynard in *Almyna's* Brest.
Or draw the fatal Bow-string to the Head,
That I shall more than dye, to see her dying.

Alm. Fear not, my Lord, the Pow'rs divine, and good,
That gave the Inspiration, will the means,
By which to save their Fears, and guard my Life.
I go undaunted to the glorious Charge,
Conscious of innate Succours from above,
From thence my Words will have accomplish'd force,
My Arguments their weight, my Voice such sweetness,
That you shall live to bless your happy Child,
The instrument, of such a glorious Work!

Viz. Oh, never! never! can I bear the Doubt,
The racking pains, of that incertain Night.
Ne're Live to see the Dawning of that Morn,
That may to Murder, give my Daughter up.
When the Deluded Queen, in vain shall cry:
(By Vanity, and Pride! and hopes Deceiv'd.)
In vain, alas, shall to her Father Cry;
For but an Hour of Life, one Ray of Hope!
Oh, how shall I then curse thy Woman's folly!
Curse my own want of Power, that cannot give,
What thou with dying Prayers, and Tears, in vain shall ask.

Alm. Oh, were it so! I cou'd not be so weak:
Cou'd not emplore, a poor reprieve of Breath:
With pleasure I shall lay the Burthen down,
Well satisfi'd, (tho' with my vain Endeavours)
To think I had attempted something Noble.
But pardon me, my Lord, if I must speak,
'Twou'd be but vain, shou'd you deny my fute, What

What Heav'n inspires, 'twill see accomplish'd.
 I must my self kneel at the Sultan's Feet,
 Unintroduced by you, if you refuse.

Alh. Be not so obstinate lest Heav'n prove angry,
 And snatch, at once, the Opportunity
 That makes *Almyna* and *Zoradia* blest.

Nay, gives you noble Vengeance on *Abdalla*;
Abdalla, who so late and basely wrong'd you.
 Think but of that, and follow me, my Lord;
 Or to the *Sultan* I uncall'd must go,
 To do the work of fate, and our *Almyna's*.

Viz. The expiring Soul, rekindles at that touch,
Abdella's Name like wild-fire blows me up.
 'Twill be Revenge in kind, so to deceive.

As he *Zoradia's*, we his hopes will dash.
 Lead on my Brother, I no more will think,
 If 'tis by Fate decreed, Fate cannot be prevented.
 I'm but a Tool in the great Work-man's hand,
 And must not ask, why to this use imploy'd.

Almyna dyes, if it was so ordain'd,
 And vain, will my Endeavours, be to save her.
 But, oh, thou great disposer of our Lives!
 That sees with what a tenderness, I Love my Daughter.
 If a fond Father's care has merit towards thee?
 Guard, Guard their early Vertue from Destruction!
 Let 'em in length of Days, and Honour shine,
 And all the Glory, all the Praise be thine.

[Exit *Viz.* and *Alh.*]

Alm. Oh, Glory! thou whose Vot'ry most I seem,
 And thou, O Love! whose Vot'ry most I am;
 Unite your Rival Pow'rs, and give Success.
 If thus unsought, I yield a Virgin heart,
Almanzor's noble Form commands excuse.
 His Valour, Birth, his each Heroick Vertue!
 A heart incompass'd round with such Defence,

Appears

Appears a Conquest worthy thy Endeavours.
Shine out my Stars, auspicious as ye may,
I do not ask a long, but glorious Day.

Enter Abdalla and Zoradia.

Zor. Oh, where shall I begin! on whom exclaim,
 On false *Abdalla*, or a falser Sister!
 See where she stands, unmov'd amidst her Crimes,
 Her thousand Perjuries, to poor *Zoradia*.
 Tell me Betrayer, if for shame thou canst?
 If yet thy Guilt have left thee use of Words?
 Why to my Father, and this Traytor Prince,
 Thou hast disclos'd thy Dying-Sister's weakness.

Abd. Because 'tis me she hates with such an Air.
 Such a determin'd force of Death and Scorn.
 That rather than not give *Abdalla* up,
 A Martyr to her Pride, and his Despair:
 She wou'd Devote the World, and thee, to ruin!

Zor. Did'st thou not swear not to reveal this Secret?
 By *Mahomet* thou swor'st; and he has heard!
 In Heav'n, thy broken Vow recorded stands,
 A Monumental Breach of Friendship.
 Look thou, fair perjur'd One, to meet from thence,
 A sure Reward for this notorious Crime!

Alm. By this, then, thou may'st know my Love to thee;
 Have I done Wrong, am I a VVretch forsworn?
 Have I betray'd the Secrets of my Friend?
 Provok'd the avenging Pow'rs to punish Falshood!
 Gather'd round my devoted Head, such Plagues,
 As surely bursts on, will fall perjur'd Ones.
 Have I done this, and knowing that I did it
 Without a Cause, a tender friendly Cause?
 Was it not Love to thee, that has induced me;
 Love to thy precious Life, thy Peace of Mind?

Thy

Thy Peace, thy Happiness ; woud' st not be blest ?
 Woud' st not be fond of Life, at such a price ?
 To have this charming Prince, return thy Doatage !
 To make thee blest as thou hast been, to make him true !
 To make him Lord of thee, and thou of him !

Zor. Ay, that were Life indeed ; oh, it were more ;
 Why dost thou drive me back, to former Joys ?
 Why bring those Images of Bliss before me ?
 Those Dazling Hours ; those most triumphant Moments ?
 When this dear Youth, woud' weep his Passion to me.
 With killing Eyes survey me o're and o're,
 And by the Genius of the Grove protest,
 That I was more to him, then words cou'd utter ?
 'Till every particle of Life, with pleasure mingled !
 'Till every conscious Sense, with Passion trembled,
 His faultring Tongue, no more cou'd Lisp its Tale !
 His swimming Eyes alone, cou'd best explain ;
 Unutterable Love, unutterable Transport !

Abd. Oh ! why dost thou thus ruin me, *Zoraida* ?
 Why, to this cruel Maid report my Change ?
 It cou'd never be, to thee such fondness !
 'Tis true my busy heart, averse to Idleness ;
 Careless, and free, from any racking Passions ;
 From thy unconquer'd Charms sought some Employment.
 We unexperienc'd both, might think it Love :
 But, oh, too strong was the Convincement here,
 When in reallity I grew inflamed.
 My heart transfixt by an unerring Dart,
 Felt other Tortures, other Raptures for her ;
 Felt Pangs unknown, when ever she was absent ;
 Felt Joys unpriz'd whenever she was present.
 The springing Blood, bounded with new Delight !
 New, strange, and strong Desires, posselt my Soul !
 Such Raptures cou'd be felt but for the first !
 I was not ! Cou'd nor, be inflam'd before !

With thee, 'twas Idle play ; with her, 'twas serious Love.

Zor. What then is earnest, if thy Vows were jests ?

I did not think, Betrayer, to upbraid thee.

Did not intend so far to stoop my Nature,

As once to show the Villain to thy sight.

For I so well, so truly Lov'd *Abdella*,

To Doat upon my Wrongs in silence ;

Resolv'd to Dye, and not reveal thy Falseness,

Had not *Almyra's* Cunning catch'd the Secret.

But since with so much art thou can'st Deny,

The Passion thou did'st once pretend to feel :

Let me a little but reproach thy Mind,

Let me a little but awake Remembrance ;

If yet thou hast a Memory remaining

Of me, or thy self, of Truth, or holy Vows ?

Abd. No more unhappy Maid ; I cannot bear it.

Dost thou accuse my Change, accuse the Fates !

By strong Impulse they draw, and we must follow

O, how much better had it been for both ;

That thy unvalu'd Love, I cou'd have answer'd :

That I for thee, cou'd still have kept my heart,

Where tenderness and truth is to be found :

Than have bestow'd it, on that murdering Fair,

That most inexorable Maid, that rock of Scorn,

Where all thy Peace, where all my Truth was lost.

Zor. Oh, I've a Heart all tenderness for thee,

For at thy Sight I lose my Resolution :

My Pride and Anger melts, I lose my self,

And can no longer viewing thee, complain.

Methinks 'tis easier Dying, than Displeasing,

Ev'n now I weep for Woes, that are not mine :

For thine I weep, for thou art most unblest ;

Dishonour'd, false, belov'd, and yet unloving ;

Wounded by her, and yet for her despairing !

And yet, as thou hast once already chang'd,

Thou

Thou maist again, and by that Change have ease.
 But my unequall'd flame can n'ere expire.
 But with the Principles that gave it light expire.

Alm. Stand'st thou unmov'd, before such melting Sorrows?
 Art thou untouch'd, thou false one, at her Woes?
 How dar'st thou once upbraid me cruel Man,
 When thou with greater Scorn, dost treat my Sister?
 What Heart but thine, cou'd be obdurate here?
 For thee she Dyes, even now before thee Dyes;
 The vital Oyl, should furnish Life is wanting.
 Her fainting Beauties, soon will drop before thee!
 Soon fall a Sacrifice to thy Inconstancy!
 Guess thou, how I shall treat *Zoradia's* Murderer;
 When I with rage and horror shall behold thee:
 Oh, no! I n'ere shall bear to see the more,
 Eternal Banishment, and Hate must be thy Lot;
 Eternal Grief! and Misery be mine!

Zor. Oh, speak not so unkindly to the Prince,
 For see, he almost sinks at thy Displeasure.
 I do forgive him all, and so maist thou;
 'Tis me he has offended, but not thee.
 For by his Scorn of mine, thy Charms are justify'd!

Abd. Rather wound me still, with thy Reproaches,
 Thole I can better bear, than Tenderness.
 Esteem and Pity, tears my aking Heart.
 I wou'd be just, I wou'd be true as ever;
 I wou'd adore no Beauty above yours;
 Wou'd center in these Arms, my Hopes, and Joys;
 Did it depend on me, I wou'd be thine.
 Oh, seek *Zoradia*, seek this wandering heart!
 Employ thy once Successful Charms, to find it:
 And let thy Virgin Modesty, permit me;
 Thus on thy breast, to wish it were thy Convert.
 Search if there be Intelligence of Eyes.
 Prove if it hovers on my Lips by Kisses;

Try if there yet be Simpathy between us.
 Oh, press me closer to thy fragrant Bosom!
 Thou dost not aim to Charm, as thou wert wont!
 Poynard me quickly! poynard me, *Zoradia*!
 My traytor Heart, rebounds not at thy touch;
 A cold dead Lump, I feel it in my breast:
 Methinks I have my Sister, in my Arms;
 It wo'nt be, thou hast my Tears, my Pity;
 But every other Passion is an others.

Alm. Alas, my Lord! the poor *Zoradia* sinks.
 Help me, support, and bear her to the *Sofa*.
Barbarian, now thy Wishes are compleat,
 Thy Pride accomplisht, for she Dyes before thee!
 Punish him Gods, punish his stubborn Heart:
 Let him in kind, suffer what he inflicts,
 Still undesir'd, may he be still desiring.
 My scorn, my Hatred, and his own Despair!
 Eternal Grief! and gnawing Anguish, haunt him!
 Rend him ye Passions, tear his peace of Soul,
 Furies arise! and seize him with Distraction!
 No, let him not have so great Relief as madness,
 But as my Rage, may every Sense be perfect.
 Long, long in Tortures, let the Tyrant live!
 And may they find no end, till I forgive him.

Abd. If thus inrag'd, be it against thy self,
 The beautious Cause, not me, 'tis thou shoud'st curse.
 Curse fair *Almyra*, Curse her murthering Eyes,
 Those bright Incendiaries, those Lights to Ruin,
 Those wandering Fires, misleaders of my Truth.
 Curse thy transcendant Charms, those Mines of Joy,
 Which thy eternal Slave thro' Miseries unthought,
 With never ceasing Toil, must drudge to reach.

Alm. Oh, may they wither first, before thee, here.
 By Lightning scorch'd, by Thunder quite defac'd;
 Blasted by Death, rather than touch'd by thee.

Zor.

Zor. Oh, cease your Rage, and lead me to some Gloom,
 Where the remainder of my Hours may waste,
 Quiet and Dark, benighted as my Hopes.
 The Baleful Yew Tree, and the Mournful Cypress,
 (Fit Emblems of my Sorrow) form the Shade,
 On wither'd Turf, or Mossy roots extend me,
 There I in Death, dear Youth, will pardon all,
 If thy Compassion will but stay to wait it.
 That my last Tears may fall on thy lov'd Bosom,
 My last sad sighs, be breath'd within thy hearing,
 Nor think the Penance much, that I enjoyn;
 Can'st thou do less, for one expiring for thee,
 In all her hopes, in all her Bloom expiring?
 Take the cold Virgin then into thy Arms,
 Drop but one Tear, upon her stiffning Clay,
 And say (tho' late) that thou hast pity for me.
 My soul well pleas'd shall Change its Habitation,
 And still preserve for thee, its doating fondness.
 Try to Inspire from thence, *Almyna's* Breast,
 With my eternal Tenderneſs and Truth.
That thou maiſt ſay, none e're was Lov'd like thee;
Nor none by Love, ſo greatly wrong'd as me.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

[Zor. led by Alm. and Abdalla.]

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCENE. I.

*An Antichamber, to the Royal Bed-Chamber ; Morat
in waiting ; Alhador enters to him.*

Mor. MY Lord, the Sultan Sleeps.

Alh. In dutious silence I'll attend his waking.

Mor. When the Grand Vizier, and your self withdrew
The Emp'rour cry'd, that he was much surpriz'd.

Almyna's strange Request, her slight regard of Life,
Mov'd in his Soul, uncommon thoughts, and wonder;
But that his Vow was most unalterable.

For were she a thousand times the Vizier's Daughter,
The Bow-string must attend the fatal Nuptials.

Alh. My Eyes have yet a fairer Land in View.
But for the Vizier, his present real despair
Transports him, beyond any future Hopes.

Mor. Our Gracious Sultan kindled at his Wrongs,
The Father of his Wars, and guide to Conquests.
Under whose shade, his Lawrels took their growth,
And gain'd their glorious, envy'd Height! he said,
That tho' *Abdalla* were his Successor,
Yet to the nicest weight, they shou'd have Justice.
But, oh, my Lord, I am the Vizier's creature,
Rais'd by his Love, and shining with his Favour.
My Life too poor a Recompense for all,
And most unwillingly (whilst I have breath)
Shou'd (tamely) see his beautiful Daughter fall
Beneath the cruel Bow-string.

The Emperor wakes, let us withdraw.

The Curtain rises, and shews the Emperor a Sleep, upon a Sofa, according to the Custom of the East; a she Moorish Slave sitting at the Head of the Sofa, upon the Ground, her Face towards the Sultan; by her a large white Wax Flambeaux; another she Slave in the same posture sitting at the Door, with another Flambeaux, the Eunuchs waiting in Ranks like Statues, their Knees and Feet close together, and their Arms hanging strait down; the Emperor rises in disorder.

Sult. 'Twas but a Dream——no more——
 It's possible the Mind, by fancy can be tost
 VVith such alternatives, of Hopes and Fears;
 That which he never think of, when awake;
 Yet in our Sleep, takes liberty to rack us.
 I dream'd that I was passing the deep Lake,
 The fatal Plank, laden with all my sins!
 Our Prophet, on the other side to Judgment,
 Encompast, with the Ghost of those fair Queens,
 VVhom in the fear of Jealousy, I'de Murther'd.
 To me they pointed, with revengeful Rage,
 And cry'd, that was no landing place for me.
 Charg'd with the Blood of Innocents I was,
 And must not hope to tread the blissful Plains;
 Unless I could Attonement make, for my rash Vow,
 And rather Deeds; but, oh, 'twas now too late!
 Opprest with weight, the rotten Plank gave way,
 Deep in the horrid River I was plung'd,
 My strugling Soul, already tasting Torments.
 Our Queen's aloud, shouting revengful Joy!
 Let Musick try to recompose my Mind.

Musick,

Musick, after which Sports by Mutes.

Then Alhador and Morat enter.

Mor. Commander of the Faithful, mighty Lord,
Your truest Slave, the Vizier thus by me,
For all his Wounds in War, his Toils in Peace,
His Love, more to *Almanzor* than the Sultan,
His never ceasing Cares, to form thy Glory.
Till it has shone the wonder of the *East*,
Avert this Evil from your Soldier's heart,
Let not our Sovereign's House, to his bring ruin.
Zoradia (by the Prince already wrong'd,)
Despairs, and Dyes? *Almyna's* Fate is next,
(Who to her Life prefers the Honour of your Bed)
Unless thy Mightiness refuse to see her.

Sult. Not see her Eunuch, that were rude indeed,
A Lady so receiv'd might well complain.
Fame too, has loudly sung her Beauty's praise,
That 'twere to wrong our self, not to behold her.
The rest is in the Fates, did I not bid
You shou'd conduct her hither, and that *Zoradia*
Shou'd with her attend, my Brother too;
To answer what she shou'd object against him.

Alb. Commander of the Faithful mighty *Caliph*,
Zoradia fainting with her Wrongs, refuses,
'Midst all her Agonies of Love, and Scorn,
T' appear before thee to accuse her Lover.

Abdalla fierce with rage, at thy command,
Shot fury from his Eyes, and bid me thence,
With such sawcy Orders, to my Sovereign Prince,
He wou'd appear, in his own time appear;
To punish Insolence, to my confusion.

Almyna, unattended by the Vizier.

(Whole

(Whose fatal Service here, may be Dispers'd,
 Unable to behold his Daughter's ruin)
 The fair *Almyra* ravish'd with her Fortune,
 As if to dye for thee, made all her Glory.
 Waits with impatience for the longing Moments.
 That to thy Eyes, unveils the beauteous Victim.

Sult. 'Tis well our Eunuchs wait, and introduce her,
 What here within, shou'd beat such new Alarms?
 Can expectation, for a Maid unseen;
 Cause Sallies in my Blood, and Dancings at my Heart.
 We who almost unmov'd, have oft enjoy'd,
 What art, or Nature gives, to Eastern Beauties.
 She comes, be still my heart, subside desires,
 And leave our Reason free, to judge the Charmer.

*Almyra enters veil'd, introduced by the Sultan's Eunuchs,
 and led by Alhador; she kneels.*

Alm. To the dread Majesty of all the World,
 Thy lowest Slave, the true Adorer kneels!
 Here, oh, ye Pow'rs let me expire before him.
 Unveil'd, unseen; oh, let me strait expire,
 By your kind Doom expire! If you foresee
 That no Intelligence of Heart shall bless me,
 If my too humble Charms, may not prevail,
 To touch his conqu'ring Soul, with equal softness.
 But if for me, so great a Fate's design'd,
 Long Life will crouded be, in that one Night,
 The businets of the Morn, as quite forgot
 The fatal Bow-string can have no effect,
 For I before (with Joy) shall dye transported.

Sult. Unveil the Maid — She has a glorious Form,
 Such Angels bear, or Goddesses assume,
 Such *Venus* was with all her Train of Graces.
 Oh, no! there was no such, thy self the first,

The bright, the true Original of Beauty.
 'Twas but a Name, or Notion, before thou wert form'd.
 Her glistering Eyes, like Lightning flash thro' mine.
 All-seeing, all-commanding ; how they pierce me ?
 Confusion ! my whole Breast is naked to 'em.
 'Twere vain to hide, this Empire they have gain'd,
 Divine *Almyna*, for thou sure art more,
 Much more than mortal Beauty, can pretend.
 My dazell'd Sences turn as in a hurry,
 My heart flies to my Lips ! and flutters there.
 My thickning Breath, beats quick and short !
 My trembling Limbs, refuse to do their Office !
 Approach, my Fair, thus with thy hand support me.
 Thus rest me on thy breast, I faint with wonder.
 Behold the thorough Conquest thou hast gain'd.

Alm. Oh, ye Eternal Powers ! accept my Thanks ;
 Accept the praise of your devoted Creature.
 Go on, to finish what you have begun,
 Support me now, give me immortal Strength,
 To bear, immortal Joys, my Lord is mine.
 The Hero of the Age, is his *Almyna's*.
 By mutual Love made mine, transporting thought
 Let vulgar Maids, by Vulgar Passions sway'd,
 Miscall Dissemulation, Modesty.
 My Pride of Life, shall be to own my Flame.
 What tho' to morrow ends the pleasing Boast,
 This Hour, this glorious wisht for Hour, is mine !
 To Morrow be the Fates, and my *Almanzor's* !

Sult. Why dost thou rouse me, from that pleasing Trance,
 Which thy Enchanting Charms occasion'd ?
 Such Beauty, was not made, so soon to fade,
 What Sacrilegious Wretch cou'd rob that Shrine ?
 Deface the Image of his Maker there.
 Widow the World by an injurious Rape,
 And put an end, in thee, to all that's excellent.

Oh

Oh therefore ! therefore ! thou must ne're be mine,
 Thy Father's Merit puts a Bar between us.
 He who my Wars has fought, my Lawrels planted,
 Shall I requite him, with his Daughter's murther ?
 Or wert thou not from him, cou'd I destroy,
 In thee, the rarest piece of Nature's work ?
 If Nature thus, so artfully cou'd work.

Oh, let me ever live, without a Joy,
 Rather than purchase at that costly price.

Alm. Cou'd an addition to my Joys be made,
 It were to give 'em growth, as well as birth.
 That length of time, might consummate our Bliss,
 And I for ever have *Almanzor* mine.

Sult. Alas ! is there not a Vow between us ?
 Have I not sworn, by the eternal Mind,
 By *Mahomet*, and by the Holy *Alcoran*,
 By all things binding, or on Earth or Heav'n ?
 If thou'rt our Queen, and so enjoy'd thou Dy'st.

Alm. Oh, Impious Vow ! cruel Ingratitude !
 With death requiteing such a generous Flame !
 Is this the Hero, of the East renown'd ?
 When *India*, *Persia*, were his Conquests made.
 The strong *Damascus*, and the famous *Bagdat*.
 All these perform'd, in the first Bloom of Life ;
 When others, but begin to hear of Battels :
 Him, whom by Fame I lov'd e're I beheld.
 Nay, cou'd have doated on such shining Vertues.
 Tho' a distorted frame, had so been animated.
 Judge then my Joy when I beheld that Form,
 So nobly graceful, beauteously commanding,
 Able without a Soul, to charm ev'n me !
 Such complicated Excellence undoes me,
 Without thee dying, dying if I have thee.
 Oh ! let my Lord, permit his willing Victim,
 (If unoffending, I may yet speak on)

But once for Life, to argue with thy Vow.

Sult. Can'st thou offend? It must be with thy Scorn,
VVhilst those bewitching Eyes retain their Magick,
VVhilst thus they look, and look so very kind,
Thou needst not, lovely Charmer, fear offending.

Alm. Since then my gracious Lord, permits me speak,
Let me, at th'original Mischiefs strike;
Suppose I take an Oath to slay the Innocent,
The Crime were less, much less to break the Vow,
Than by performing it, to run on Murder.
But thou securest thy self, from thoughts of Sin:
For that our Prophet, in his *Alcoran*,
As thou explain'st, says Women have no Souls,
But mighty Sultan, tell thy heart but this;
Had not thy beautious, faulty Queen done Ill?
Woudst thou the Letter, e're have so expounded?
Revenge, and Jealousy, arrests the Text:
Thus taught to speak, to put a gloss on Murder:
Oh, horrid Crime! Murder of Innocents.
Cast but thy Eyes around the fair Creation,
And say what Beings challenge such perfection:
Are we not made for the most perfect Work,
And therefore surely, the most perfect Creatures?
Besides, be not the Means, the Joys, the Pains the same,
In the production, of the Females, as the Males.
If from the Parents, you derive the Soul,
When they beget Immortal, feel they no Distinction.
Or if, the Soul, be with the Life infused,
Wou'd not the Womb that holds 'em, find a Difference.
Since then their Beings, and their Birth's the same,
They dye the same, and the same Way shall rise,
And to Immortal Life adjudged as you be,
Dost thou not tremble; Sultan, but to think
How fatal to thee, the Mistake may prove!
What will our Prophet say, at thy last day?

VVhen

When all thy Queens, shall urge him, to revenge 'em?
 How will Remorse, oppress thee in thy passage?
 Oh, never! never! shalt thou cross the Bridge,
 The horrid River, must receive my Lord.
 Distraction! Anguish! Horror! tears me,
 At but the Imagination of thy Punishment;
 Oh! Early, wake thee, from this Dream of Fate.
 I beg not for my self, I am content to Dye.
 So that my Death may be thy last of Crimes.

Salt. Still do I dream, or waking, am confus'd,
 Beyond what 'ere was in the pow'r of Dreams?
 Is it her Eyes, or Tongue, this Change has caus'd?
 I, who till now, upon her Sexe's Ills,
 With Justice have bin eloquently lov'd.
 I, who against the intruder Love declaim'd
 Resolving n'ere again, to give my Heart,
 Am here enchanted, without pow'r of Speaking,
 Lest speaking, I should chance to offend *Almynd*.

Alm. If yet thou doubt whether our Sex have Souls,
 What Presidents, my Lord, cou'd I not bring thee?

Sult. Thou hast that nameless Power of taking Hearts,
 Speak on, for I, methinks, cou'd hear thee ever.

Alm. What was not fam'd *Semiramis* the Queen of Na-
 Whom mighty *Alexander*, emulated? [tions
 Thence after her, resolv'd his *Indian Wars*.
 At which the stoutest, of his Warriors trembled.
 He trod that World, a Woman first explor'd,
 By her Example, gain'd his noblest Conquest,
 What was not our fair Neighbouring *Judith*,
 When th' *Assyrian* Monarch had resolv'd,
 To sweep whole Nations, like the Dust before him?
 Had she not a Soul? And an exalted one?
 That Dust alone attempt, what all Dispair'd off.
 Her Honour at the stake she rush't thro' all,
 And by one stroke, redeem'd the *East* from ruin.

Or cou'd the *Roman Ladies*, their *Virginia*,
Lucretia, *Portia*, *Clelia*, thousands more,
 Without a Soul, have gain'd such endless Fames?
 Or *Cleopatra*, that Heroick Queen,
 In Death, she nobly follow'd *Anthony*.
 But I shou'd much intrude, shou'd I but tell
 The Half of what our Sex have dar'd for Glory.
 Go we no farther, then the poor *Zoradia*,
 Without a Soul, cou'd she support such Wrongs,
Abdalla's Perjury, and breach of Vows,
 She nobly bears, and Dying will not Charge him
 Left it Incense, thy Mightiness against him.

Sult. Leave thou the Ear of her Redress to Us.
 'Tho' next our self, our Brother was most dear,
 Such living Wrongs shall not unpunish'd pass.

Alm. And yet thy self, art Author of the greatest,
 My Lord, has giv'n me leave, and I will speak,
 What not thy *Vizier* none of all thy Council,
 Or can, or dare relate, a Woman shall!
 The Groans, the Cries, of thy distressed People,
 The fears of Parents, or their certain Woes,
 Those that thou hast, or those that thou may'st ruin,
 For thy Inhuman, Cruel, Purpose, Ruin.
 Oh! what a Tarnish is it, to thy Glory;
 Thou, who before of all the happy Nations,
 Wert as a God reverenc'd, and almost pray'd to,
 Art now become their dread, no more a Blessing,
 And what the mighty motive of this Change?
 The Inconstancy of a weak Woman, no more,
 Which thou with thy large Soul, shoud'st first dispise,
 Then punish, and forget, so end Revenge;
 Not hold a trembling innocent World in awe,
 For Crimes that are not theirs.

Sult. Are we become so monstrous to our People,
 Whom, like a Father, we have still Indulg'd;

Or

Or think they not, that our Revenge was just,
 Wou'd they unpunish'd, have their Monarch injur'd?
 Are we not made, the Comets of the World,
 To point at Right and Wrong?

Alm. 'Tis true, my Lord.

But not to shed your baleful Influence
 Upon the Innocent, why do I Love thee?
 Why love this glorious dreadful Murderer?
 Or is it in the Fates, that I must suffer?
 I, who have left the certainty of Power,
 A Crown presented by the young *Abdalla*,
 Nay, (in Succession) all thy Crowns and Power,
 Have left his bloom of Charms, his Virgin Heart,
 To go in search of thine, where Death requites me,
 Yet cou'd I gain but this, to fall the last
 That with my Life, thy cruel Vow might end,
 To save thy precious Soul, so near to ruin,
 And in my Blood, to wash the stains away;
 Restore thee to thy self, and to thy Glory,
 It wou'd be more than living with another.

Sult. Whether thou hast a Soul, be it thy care?
 Thou hast a beautiful Body, so far I am sure,
 And therefore take thee at thy Word, be our Queen,
 Our last and most lov'd, our Oath thus sav'd,
 VVe the remainder of our Life will waste,
 In Penitence for our rash Vow, and thy fair Loss,
 Lead on, Lord *Albador*, to join our hands

[*Abdalla* meets 'em.

Abd. First stay, and hear thy only Brother speak;
 VWas it for this that I was bid attend?
 To see thee court my VVife, before my face,
 These thy Invectives made against the Sex,
 Oh, patience! patience! Grief and Rage, transports me.

Sult. Lord *Albador*, conduct our beautiful Bride,
 Canst thou, my Queen, forgive this moment's pause,

It is *Zoradia's* wrongs, that stops us now,
 To punish this rash Boy, his Perjuries.
 That done, my Fair, we'll fly to all of Heav'n,
 That Heav'n on Earth can give us, in *Almyna*.

[*Exit Almyna and Alhador.*]

The rest retire, and leave me with the Prince.
 Dost thou not know, bold Youth, but to invade
 Our Presence, with a noise, is certain Death.
 How comes it then, forgetful of thy self,
 And of the Reverence due to Majesty
 Forgetful of thy Morning glories,
 (VWhere never Brother, shewed so great a Trust,
 So great a Love and Tenderness before.)
 Thou in requital dost complain of VVrong,
 Of VVrong to whom, was e're *Almyna* thine?
 Indeed, her Sister, as we're well inform'd,
 Has heard thy Love, and binding Oaths have pass'd,
 VVhat hast thou then to say? VVhy breaking them?
 Thou with unpresidented falseness,
 Shou'd pretend to Court and VVed *Almyna*?
Abd. The story is too old, and I too warm,
 To argue tamely upon Right and VVrong.
 Take back those Glories, you reproach me with,
 Wou'd Heav'n had pleas'd, that I had not receiv'd 'em
 Ingratitude had then, not fill'd the Scales against me.
 But if thou wou'dst oblige me, to my VVish:
 And make thy Brother, live, or Dye, thy Debter,
 Forget a while, the Dignity of *Caliph*,
 Forget a while, thy Majesty and Pow'r.
 And let our equal Swords, like fate decide,
 VVho shall Possessor be of fair *Almyna*.

Sult. Did not our Love arise in Bar between us,
 Our tender Love, to an ingrateful Brother.
 Thou soon, rash Boy, shoudst find what thou hast askt,
 To thy Confusion find, our conqu'ring Sword,

As

As much superior to thee, as our Justice.

Abd. I give thee back that Love, thou vain Pretender,
Can it be Love, when thou of Love dost rob me?
What is thy Love, when valu'd with *Almyna*?
In her's is Life and Joys; in thine, Deceit and Death.
Thy Crowns and Empires, I return 'em all,
Nor will not be oblig'd, but to thy Sword,
One world, no longer, can contain us both;
Draw; if thou wilt not have me kill thee
Thus Defenceless as thou art; so cold to Glory,
So cold, in daring for the bright *Almyna*.

Sult. How blinded do our Passions make us all:
With pitty, and with Indignation, we shou'd see.
The common Weaknesses of human Race.
How soon *Abdella*, cou'd I crush thee now,
To Nothing crush, and punish thy Presumption?
A Word, a Look of mine! and thou wert mortal!
Our Guards, our Mutes; nay, our very Eunuchs
Each were alone, more than thou cou'dst withstand.
Do not provoke thy Fate, begon, and think
Of doing Justice, to the fair *Zoradia*. [made,

Abd. Good Heav'n! is this the Man, whom you have
Your Representative, this Coward-Monarch?
Who talks of Guards and Mutes, himself too base,
Too poorly Spirited, to deal me justice?
Thou art not surely, he renown'd in Arms
The conqueror of the East, the Dread of *Europe*.
It was thy Gen'ral's fought for thee, not thou:
Or else enervated, thou hast forgot,
By long Disuse; the Soldier's Trade of Glory;
That thus provok'd, (against an unfledg'd Youth)
Thou dar'st not trust, the Merit of thy Sword.

Sult. Thou to thy ruin hast provok'd it.
Ask thy Life.

[Fight.

Abd. If with it thou'lt bestow *Almyna*?
Else 'tis a Curse, and not to be supported.

Sult. Rise; and from our Moderation learn,
A better Term than Cowardice, for Friendship.
I fought but to restore thee to our self,
Thy Life we unupbraided, do Bestow,
Be what thou shoud'st, and thou art still our Brother;
But for our Bride, she hates thee for her Sister.
And chuses Death with me, rather than Empire!
Love and Life with false *Abdalla*.

Abd. Oh! Emperor, why dost thou more undo me?
Why was thy Sword, less cruel than thy VVords?
Spard'st thou with one, to murder with the other.
But I deserve to lose, who cou'd so ill
Defend her, Traytor! Feeble! Coward Arm!
When all my Hopes, my Joys hung on a Moment.
To give that Moment from me, to my Rival.
But 'twas the prejudice of Education,
Custom even amidst my Rage prevail'd,
Bred to an Awe, I held his Person sacred.
What art thou glaring thing that this affrights?
What Magick rests there in the name of *Sultan*?

Sult. Thou dost too far intrude upon my Love,
That Barrier thrown, how Lost a thing wer't thou,
Take yet *Zoradia* for thy shining Bride.
And we forgive thee all; else know young Man,
Such VVrongs as hers, done to our *Vizier*,
(The next but thou in Dignity, the first
In Merit of our Empire) must have Vengeance.

Abd. I ask *Almyna*, thou answerd'st with *Zoradia*,
VVhom, oh! 'tis sure I pitty, but can't Love;
Nor does the Maid, insist upon my Vows.
Releas't by her, shou'd I be bound by others?
Has not thy Royal Word, the *Vizier's* choice,
Design'd me for *Almyna's* happy Husband:

Yet

Yet thou with new found Treachry woudst rob me;
 Thou who such Arguments this morning us'd,
 Exclaiming loud against the Sexe's Crimes.
 Thy self art caught, in the same snare are caught,
 And now pretend'st to preach to me of Justice.

Sult. And execute it too, our Guards attend;
 Secure the Prince, and bear him to his Chamber,
 VVhen thou to morrow see'st *Almyna* dead.
 Thou maist, perhaps, be juster to *Zoradia*.

Abd. Dare not, for thy own, to touch her sacred Life,
 VVhilst I have Breath, Revenge shall be my cry!
 Off! or unarm'd! I'll strangle who opposes.
 Oh, Emperor! I cast me at your Feet,
 See how my Tears burst forth, I sob for VVoe.
 Oh, spare *Almyna* your Successor begs,
 Turn not away, I am your only Brother.
 Him whom this morn, you Lov'd, you blest, you prais'd;
 And thought him worthy, to succeed to Empire:
 Forgive me, awful *Sultan*, my fond Rage.
 Transported at her loss, I vow'd at random.
 But, oh, 'tis sure I did not fear her Death,
 Else crawling thus I never had offended.
 Let her but live, tho' she be never mine.
 Art thou a Lover, and dost need intreaty?
 Oh, no! who e're cou'd murder what they Lov'd:
 Thou'st an Usurper there, no lawful Prince;
 For, oh! 'tis sure! the tender Throne of Love,
 Was never fill'd before, by any Tyrant!

Sult. What Business hast thou, with our Love, or Em-
Zoradia is thy fate! when just to her, [press:
 Thou art again, our Brother, and our Heir:
 Till then, our Doom remains, forgive me Love
 That I so long, have trifled from *Almyna* [Exit. *Sult.*

Abd. Come back thou Tyrant of the East, he's gone
 And I am left a Prey, to Rage and Grief;

Confusion on my Fate! and ill tim'd Chains.
 Confin'd! a Slave! a Pris'ner to my Subjects!
 Are ye not so, was I not Sworn your King!
 Yet where's your Duty, your Allegiance now?
 Will you permit, your Vizier's Daughter's Death?
 Go tell the valiant *Muca*, I wou'd see him;
 Methinks the World shou'd arm in such a Cause,
 Or I alone, will all things dare to save her,
 Sultan, or thou, or I (*e're she*) shall bleed,
The Chance is thrown, 'tis Fate has so Decreed.

Exeunt Omnes.

ACT.

ACT. V. SCENE. I.

The Prince's Apartment in the Seraglio.

Enter Zoradia Solus.

Zor. **A** Ttractive Love ! thou Loadstone of the World,
Which draws me, like the trembling Needle,
[to thee:
Thou, who hast rais'd my fainting Limbs from ground ;
Supply new strength, in this my latest Work.
Let me *Abdalla*, and the Queen relieve.
'Tis all I ask, of your Extensive Pow'r :
Then back again to Earth, return your Charge,
There lay me gently down, to rise no more.

Enter an Officer.

Capt. I come for Audience to the Prince,
The Empire's Seal, admits me, from the Vizier.

Capt. Please your Highness, I'll conduct you to him.

[*Exeunt.*

*The Scene draws, and shews Abdalla Lying on the Ground
dejected; he rises.*

Abd. Oh, valiant *Muca*! why dost thou delay?
The Morn will come, the fatal Dawn appear,
When the rash Sultan's Vow, must be obey'd.
When Charms shall cease, and Beauty be no more.

I'le

I'll snatch the trembling Victim from his rage,
 Or in the bold Adventure, lose my Self.
 Then the too cruel Beauty shall Confess,
 The World affords not, such a gen'rous Love.
 New Troubles to my heart, *Zoradia* here.

Enter Zoradia.

Zor. Where is the most enchanting, faithless Prince?
 This dear forsworn, this lovely cruel Man.
 Am I once more, so happy to behold thee,
 E're yet these glimring Lights, shall yield to Darkness.
 Do they once more, survey, what most they doat on?

Abd. Is this a time, alas! to speak of Joys?
 Now trembling Nature, with convulsive Pangs,
 Groans for *Almyna's* cruel birth of Fate!
 The whole Creation droops, at her dear Loss,
 And shall her only Sister be unmov'd?
 I cannot think it, of the lost *Zoradia*.
 Oh, no! thou comest to weep, to dye with me.
 Thou lovely Partner, of my Grievs, sit down.
 Here on the cold remorseless Ground we'll lye.
 Here to the Winds, we'll join our rain of Eyes
 Our sighs may raise the Tempests till it rage.
 With an unbounded sway, unbounded waste!
 Leaving all Nature, desolate as we.

Zor. Heav'n knows, how well I Love the Sultaneess,
 Scarce thy own lovely Form, is dearer to me.
 Have I not giv'n a Proof of what I say,
 For when her Eyes had robb'd me of thy Heart,
 Was not my conquering Sister still belov'd?
 So truly lov'd, that all the rougher Passions,
 Revenge and Hate, like routed Armies fled before her!

Abd. Oh, therefore! therefore! are we only fit.
 To be true Mourners, at so fair a Tomb.
 Let us resolve, never to quit the Theam,

Never

Never to cease our Sighs, to cease our Tears.
 Incessant let 'em fall, incessant rage,
 We will maintain a luxury of Woe,
 Rain Eyes, to quench this thirsty grief of Soul.

Zor. Woud'st thou have me a Partner in thy Woe.
 That lovely form, must then be veil'd from Sight,
 Darknefs and Horror, shou'd alone be there,
 Nor the least Ray, reveal the Charmer to me.
 Art thou not he, the source of all my Joys?
 A grand Specifick to my wounded Soul.
 Can I beholding thee, presume to mourn?
 As soon the warring Elements may join,
 Seeking no longer, to destroy each other.

Abd. O bate these Transports, for so lost a Man.
 A Wretch so much ungrateful as *Abdalla*,
 Look on me as a thing undone by Love,
 So lost to hope, or prospect of a Hope.
 That tho' my Brother, now enjoys my Love.
 (By her desires, enjoys the cruel Beauty)
 It brings no ease to my eternal pain.
 Despair of ne're possessing cannot Cure Me.
 Then pitty me! pitty thy self *Zoradia*!
 Recal thy Heart, recal thy prouder Charms,
 Live for some happy Youth, who may adore thee,
 I cannot Merit, such a Waste of Beauty.

Zor. No, I like thee, doom'd to incessant pains.
 Must love till Death, till Death must persevere:
 Struck from above, with the like fatal Dart,
 The same the Cause, the same is our Despair,
 Hopeless the Cure, and vain is our endeavour.

Abd. So vain, that by the Immortal Pow'rs I swear!
 Thus kneeling, thus adoring, what destroys me!
 I swear, not to survive *Almyra's* Death.
 That moment, that reports her loss of Life,

Shall

Shall be the last of mine.

Zor. Oh, cruel Prince!

Can'st thou then dye, for so ingrate a Fair,
Rather than live, with one so gen'rous,
So prodigal of tenderness as me!

This is but varying the distracting Scene.
Hadst thou but heard, my Father's wounding Woes?
This Night, stretcht on the Ground, he tastes despair,
Exclaims against the Fates, and poor *Almyna*.
Yet fixt in Loyalty, he will not start to save her.
The Master of the Eunuchs is his Friend.
Generous *Morat*, that Honest Courtier.
Who has in vain attempted to inspire
His faithful Breast, with Measures to preserve her.
Hopeless by him, to save the fated Queen,
He came to me, lost in my own despair.
Nor cou'd an other's danger (unless thine)
Have rais'd me from the Grave, where I was laid.

Abd. Faithful *Morat*, sure I shall live to thank thee.

Zor. First taught by him, I have secur'd the Seal
Who bad me (to my Lord) present it thus.
Shown to thy Guards it gives thee liberty,
It breaks thy Chains, and frees thee from this Prison,
Puts the Queen's life, and freedom in thy pow'r,
At least, thou hast a seeming Chance for both,
If thou canst but select, some valiant Friends,
To fall as by surprize upon the Guards,
Thy brave Attempt, the Eunuch will assist;
His pitying Soul, laments to Death the Queen.
For that his Cruel Lord, has him commanded,
To attend the Sultane's at her Uprising;
With the black Robe of Death? the certain Dress of Fate.

Abd. Be his the unlucky Omens, not the Queen's.
Now thou, indeed, my Fair, art charming to me.

Now

Now hast thou all the Effects of prosp'rous Beauty,
 Who says I do not clasp thee now, with Transports?
 Our Hopes, and our Designs agree in one,
Muca, the valiant General of *Arabia*,
 Is sworn my Friend, and to protect *Almyna*
 He's gon to get a Band of chosen Men.
 To force this Prison, and prevent her Death.

Zor. All this perform'd wilt thou e're think of me.
 Faithful *Morat* has added to his care,
 A Vessel ready fitted in the Port.
 Farewel! my hopes end here, my Lord, farewel!
 I shall no more be blest'd as I am now.

No more behold, that fatal lovely Form,
 The Swimming Tears, already robs my Eyes,
 Of what they only love, wou'd only live to see.

Abd. Wilt thou not be Companion of our flight,
 A Brother's love, shall ever be thy due?

Zor. Talk'st thou of Justice, Bankrupt as thou art,
 Wou'd'st thou pay me, it must be with thy heart.
 And that's already forfeit, to another.

Abd. Thou shalt have me, a partner in thy Griefs.
 We both will Mourn, our round of blended Woes.
 Thou know'st *Almyna*, never can be mine,
 Already wedded to *Almanzor's* bed,
 Like time that's past, she's lost to me for ever.

Zor. Be witness for me, all ye heav'nly Powers!
 It is no fault of mine, they are not blest.
 I can but dye, to ease ye from remorse.
 Once more farewel! when thou shalt hear of poor
Zoradia's fate, wilt thou allow a Tear?
 Oh, yes! already do I find 'em there.
 Farewel, farwel, it is my last Adieu,
 Oh, Love! — my frailty will not let me part.
 Do thou — I cannot go — to go from thee.

Parting to love like mine's impossible,
 How am I charm'd to ruin—— haste thee away,
 The Morn calls on, to help the poor *Almyra*
 Join thee with *Muca*, and attempt to save her.
May each immortal Pow'r, his aid impart,
And round thy Head, propitious Glories dart,
Whilst I strike here, to ease a labouring Heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE the Second.

Enter the Sultan, attended by Morat.

Sult. Urge us no more *Morat* upon our Vow.
 So might our charming Empress be displeas'd,
 If we on other Merit than her own,
 Bestow'd so fair, so much esteem'd a Life.
 Her self the Potent's Advocate to me,
 Pleads with the powerful Sound, and force of Love.
 Are not her dazzling Beauties, still in view?
 Our faithful Memory, retains the Charmer.
 I see, I feel, I taste her every Grace.
 The dear Impression dwells upon our Breast,
 And glows within our Heart.
 We have her here, all lively warm and panting.
 She carries Nature to the utmost height,
 And almost pains her, with excess of Rapture.

Mor. And must she dye, who gives such high delight;
 Beauty is found in almost ev'ry youthful Face.
 But such a Soul, no Age has e're produc'd.
 Oh, had thy Mightiness beheld the Fair,
 When I the Robe of Fate presented to her.
 With what a god-like Fortitude unmov'd she said.
 Her's was no Title to receive it,

That

That she shou'd more be envy'd, than lamented
 Falling in such a noble worthy Cause,
 As gave her not the least pretence to mourn.
 But when I urg'd it as thy dread Command,
 She lowly bowing, said, whilst she had Life,
 Her god-like, much-lov'd Lord shou'd be obey'd.

Sult. Our Self's determin'd to behold her death,
 Unseen, and from above, we will observe
 Whether this frame of Mind be inborn to her.
 Whether to the Extreams it will extend,
 Or by the Horrors of pale Death alarm'd,
 If fly not off, and leave the lovely Dwelling.

Mor. My Lord, the gracious Sultan *[kneeling]*
 My Head thus humbl'd in the Dust.

Sult. Upon thy Life no more.
 What doom, has Disobedience in our Court?

Mor. And yet she must not Dye *[Ascend to the Window]*
 Hasten thee *Abdalla* to the Garden Gate:
 Where I attend to give the wish'd for Entrance.

[Exit Morat.]

Enter Almyna, and the Grand Vizier,

Proceeded by a Train of Mutes, Eunuchs, and Ladies in Mourning, who, Weeping, rank themselves on each side the Stage; Almyna in a black Velvet Robe, and Cypress Veil.

Alm. My noble Father, this is high Ingratitude,
 To those Superior Pow'rs that gave me to you.
 If I'm esteem'd a good be thankful for it,
 And praise 'em that you have so long possess'd
 The Right is theirs, at pleasure to recal,

Shall only we receive the Sweets of Life,
 Must all the bitter be reserv'd for others?
 Unequal thus, th' eternal Lot wou'd be,
 And we tho' happy, might have cause to mourn,
 (If ought of Human, be conspicuous in us,)
 At viewing the sad Destiny of others.

Viz. Oh, Nature! Nature! loudly dost thou cry,
 Nor has my Courage, any help to offer.
 Philosophy and Reason, are no more,
 Art thou not my child? And I thy Father?
 Hast thou an hour of Breath, or I of Hope?
 And yet I must not Mourn! Impossible!
 This wretched Remnant of a Woful Life,
 Shall all be thus employ'd, in Grief and Tears.

Alm. How are great Deeds perform'd, by Men so weak?
 Is thine the second Name, on Earth renown'd?
 How often has he Death in Battle faced
 With lavish waste, bestowing it on others.
 Unmov'd in thousand Dangers,
 Awfully Glorious, shewing all thee here.

Viz. In Battle more than Man; In sorrow less.
 A thousand Deaths, were not so dreadful there.
 As this one loss of thine it strikes me thro'
 My very Soul is bleeding, with the Wound;
 'Tis inexpressible, 'tis torture all,
 Too exquisite for any definition.
 Alas! I'm darted thro' and thro' with Woe.
 The galling Anguish wrenches here, here stings;
 Curse on the fury that did lead me on.
 Curse on my Ill tim'd Vengeance on the Prince;
 Revenge stills turns on the Avenger's head,
 Oh! better were it much to suffer Wrong,
 Leaving to Heav'n, the time and means of Vengeance.
 What have I got, buth is Imprisonment,

For

For such a loss as thine, shou'd Death succeed
'Twere a poor Recompence, for my *Almyna*.

Alm. My Lord, I beg you not to melt me thus.
Your tears are far more dreadfuller than Death;
Consider what I dye for, and the Cause.
My Gracious Lord, the Sultan has assur'd
My Life shall be the last; think but on that.
How glorious, and how dear to Fame it makes me;
Am I not Ransom for so many Lives?
Was I not born to an exalted End?
I kneel with thanks to the Almighty Pow'rs,
Am proud, and pleas'd, that I'm become so useful!
What must I comfort you, is Death then nothing,
Am I to Combat in your Tears more pains,
Than that destroyer brings, or is not all,
My Constancy of use to face him,
That you Anticipate it here.

Viz. Oh! Daughter! Daughter! sure my heart will break.

Alm. Alas! wou'd I had ne're been born to see it.
Did not *Virginus* stab his only Child,
His beautious meritorious Daughter,
With his own hand, the Poynard gave her Death:
But to prevent one Ill, I dye for many.
In such a Cause, you rather shou'd rejoice.
My tender too lov'd Father, here I beg,
Thus on my knees, your last and dearest Blessing,
And that bestowed, that you wou'd please to leave
Me here; to recollect alone; what your
Ill-tim'd Tears, and Sorrow has disorder'd.

Viz. Leave thee, my Child, what leave thee to thy Death.
Its not the voice of Fate that drives me hence?
Yes, I will fly, where Nature is most barren:
Niggard of any Joys, there sigh to bursting:
There weep, till drown'd in floods of Tears,

The

The floating Seal ; shall force its passage to thee.

Alm. Oh, did I not, by Reason rein the Passions:

Woud they not whirl me, as the Winds about.

Durst I indulge my Griefs, shoud I not rage.

To an extremity of raving Rage.

Think not I am insensible to Nature.

I sink this Minute under its oppression!

Have I not more to suffer, more to Mourn,

Much more to lose, you only weep a Child,

But I an Uncle! Sister! Father! Husband!

Can any Sorrows be compar'd to mine!

To part with all that can in Life be precious.

Ev'n then to part when each is dearest to me.

Now that my flow'r of Life is in the bloom :

When my dear Lord has blest me with his Love,

Let none presume, to weigh their little Woes,

When my superior Griefs, are in the Ballance.

Viz. Thou can'st not think how hard 'tis to resign thee,

One last embrace, and thou art mine no more.

Farwel, prepare thee, for another Father.

Think not of me, think not of Earth again ;

Raise up thy Hopes, to those bright Joys above.

How weak is Nature, how certain the return

Of Human frailty. Alas, I weep again,

My boasted constancy in such a Cause

Is but excelling weakness ; oh, my Heart.

Thus let me fold thee in thy Father's Arms.

The last, last sad Embrace, thou 'ere shalt take,

What, never to behold my Child again ?

Oh ! 'tis most true, my Blessings crown thee.

Stern Death, be gentle to so fair a Mistress :

Take her into thy Arms with utmost Softness.

Farewel ! my much lov'd, much Distress'd *Almyra*!

Farewel ! farewel ! Heavens Joys receive thee.

I shall not long be absent : now I go,

To taste for thee ; the bitterness of Woe.

[*Exeunt.*

Alm. Farewel ! these Mournings make our Fate so dread-
 I'll dye (to lose the torment of Reflection) [ful.
 Before my Sister brings new Sorrows to me.
 Where are the Mutes ? Prepare your Bow-strings,
 When I veil my Face, perform your Office.
 What in a moment, shall I be ? How chang'd ?
 What must I lose, my Husband, and his Love :
 My tender Father, and his care ! my Sister too !
 It wonnot bear to be reflected on.
 Thus lowly then, I humbly do resign [*kneels*
 All-feeing gracious Heav'n, dart mercy on me.
 Pardon the Errors of Humanity !
 And let thy failing Creature taste forgiveness.
 Oh ! holy Prophet ! take me to thy care,
 And be my loss of Life, the last of our
 Great Emperor's wilful Crimes.
 Comfort my Father, for his Daughter's loss.
 And take *Almyna's* Soul to thy protection.

*As the Mutes are going to strangle her, the Sultan speaks
 from above.*

Sult. Mutes, on your Lives forbear, till I descend.

Alm. What Mercy does the op'ning Heav'n's foreshew ?
 It was my Husband's Voice, am I still living ?
 Or crost to those blest happy Plains, where Angels
 Do in Mercy speak, like my *Almanzor* ?
 Do I once more, receive my Lord so near ?

[*The Sultan enters, and runs to embrace her.*

Sult. Live, immortal as thy Merit makes thee,
 Thou canst not think, how much at heart I'm pain'd,

At

At but imagining thy death, *Almyna* :
 Tho' it was ne're design'd but as a Tryal,
 How far thy bravery of Soul cou'd reach.
 Quite vanquish'd, by thy heroick Deeds
 We gain in losing of so false a Cause.
 Henceforth be it not once imagin'd
 That Women have not Souls, divine as we.
 Who doubts, let 'em look here, for Confutation,
 And reverence with us *Almyna's* Vertue.
 (*Omnes.*) Long live the fair *Sultana*.

Alm. Accept, my gracious Lord, the Life you give.
 Thus let me at your Feet bestow my Thanks.
 Bestow my self in Gratitude and Love.
 To rescue me from hov'ring Death, just at
 The fatal Instant, to give me Life and Pow'r.
 To give me Love, to give me my *Almanzor*,
 Is an extravagance of Gift, so vast a Joy,
 That the Excess as dangerous to Life
 As Death it felt, does almost rob me of it.

Sult. Look up, my fainting Dear, I am all thine :
 For ever thine we're thus to part no more.

Enter the Grand Vizier.

A great noise below.

Viz. My Lord, you are surpriz'd, th' ambitious Prince
 By *Muca* aided, with a band of Soldiers,
 Favour'd by false *Morat*, with all the Eunuchs.
 Has gain'd the Ascent, of this Apartment.
 Disperst your Guards, that waited there in Duty.
 And like a torrent, rouls upon us here.
 The Cry is all ; *Almyna* must not Dye.
 That's their pretence, what ever the Design.

This

This from the Gallery, wherein despair
I wandred, I have seen, and heard.

Sult. *Vizier* thy much lov'd Daughter lives.
Draw all your *Scymeters*, and let us meet 'em.
Call up the Guards, that wait behind.
And let 'em back us to repel the Traytors.

Abdalla within.

Abd. Lay down your Arms, and safety be to all;
Break thorough to preserve *Almyna*.

Sult. This day be sacred, to our lovely Empress.
Almyna lives, yield Brother to her fortune.

Viz. Thy Friends revolt, unhappy Youth.
Yield Prince, thou comest upon my Sword.

Enter Zoradia hastily.

Zor. Alas! I heard *Abdalla* was in danger.
Oh, Gracious *Sultan*! spare the God-like Prince.
Almyna plead for thy Deliverer.
For thee he fights, to rescue thee from Death,
He fatally has arm'd against his Brother.
I led him on, to this rash Enterprize
Father, *Vizier*, deaf as Rage, or Jealousy.
Oh Heaven's! the Prince is wounded, cruel Father,
Thy Murthering steel has done its worst;
Support him all — Oh! I've his Sword within my breast.

*Abdalla supposed to be wounded behind. The Scene's fighting
with the Vizier, staggers in: His Sword's held upwards,
resting upon his Arm. Zoradia goes to support him, and is
accidently wounded by it. Almyna leads Zoradia, the
Sultan his Brother, to two Chairs.*

K

Alm.

Alm. What hast thou done, Barbarian, kill'd my Sister?

Abd. Such was my fatal Chance I wanted this
To crown the Errors; of my angry Fate.

Sult. Oh Brother! *Vizier*, thou hast gone too far.
Oh, poor *Zoradia*! What do st thou not suffer?

Alm. Alas! my Sister, and my Friend!

Zor. Oh, rather all for me rejoice, than mourn!
Am I not, at the end of all my Sorrows?
Did I not drag a wretched Life before?
Mine was a Fate, made bankrupt by Misfortune,
Devoted as I was by strong Dispair,
I only cou'd expect from Death relief.

Alm. Live, my dear Maid, to be the Prince's Bride.
My Lord has granted, that he shall be thine.

Zor. 'Tis Gracious, like my Sister, and the Sultan,
But tho' he be on Earth Omnipotent,
The God to us below, of Life or Death,
He cannot give me back, a Heart estrang'd,
There, there, he is no more an Emperor:
He has no Monarchy, where I wou'd reign.
Say lovely Youth, what does the Fates do with thee?
They're busy at my heart, how is't with thine?

Abd. Oh! Speak not to a Wretch so Curst as me.
So much undone, so utterly forlorn!
Death makes not half the speed that I cou'd wish.
How can I look on one, whom I have Murther'd?
That only one; to whom I was a Debtor.
By strongest Favours, and high gratitude Oblig'd.
Beyond what frail Mortality cou'd merit.
And have I thus requited thee for all?
Thus with thy Life, repay'd my Debt of Love.
O Destiny! it was thy hand that did it.
Why was I made the fatal Instrument?
I, who to her had tend'rest Obligations,

Thou

Thou can'st not think *Zoradia*, I did design it.
 Had not before, thy Father's Sword been sure :
 My own, (e're this,) had done thee Justice here.

Zor. Repine not at the favour, thou hast done me,
 Thy Love cou'd be no more than happiness,
 Which not depending on thee, to bestow :
 This way is found, to make me blest for ever.

Abd. My Wounds bleed faste, and hov'ring Death is near,
 Yet are not all his Pangs so terrible ;
 As what I suffer, from remorse for thee.
 I dare not ask thee, to forgive my Crime,
 Thou can'st not be so excellently good ;
 'Tis just my Soul, clog'd with its weight of Sin,
 Shou'd sink beneath thy mighty Wrongs for ever.

Zor. Alas! thou cou'd'st not injure poor *Zoradia*.
 I lov'd too well, t'admit the sense of Wrong,
 In love like mine, there can be no reproach.
 Thou cou'd'st not do the thing, I cou'd not Love
 Hadst thou some Faults ? they all to me were Beauties.

Viz. Grief stops my Words ; alas *Zoradia*, Child!

Zor. Father, farewell, Heav'n! pardon you the Prince's
 I beg the gracious Sultan, to forgive you. [Death

Alm. I feel more Pangs in thy approaching Fate,
 Than when my own was nearest.

Zor. Come to my Arms, and take a Sister's leave :
 I clasp thee like a Lover, not a Rival !
 (A Name which Love and Nature most abhors)
 Nearer ! nearer ! we shall do thus no more.
 A thousand Kisses, and as many Tears,
 On our divided Fates—— I am where I wou'd wish,
 Thus dying on my lovely Prince's breast.
 Grasp me, as if thou hadst for ever lov'd
 Since I thus charm'd, can feel no Pains of Death.
 Think'st thou above, we shall not meet again?

May I not reign without a Rival there,
I go, to try— oh, Heav'ns— farewell to all. [Dies.]

Alm. Oh, horror! the fair Soul, is fled for ever.

Abd. My turn is next, pardon me, gracious *Sultan*,
Excess of Love, occasion'd my Ingratitude.

Empress to see the safe, was all my Wish.

My poor tormented Heart, was doom'd thy Slave,

I'm to the last, thy faithful suffering Lover.

Be ever Happy; I must meet *Zoradia*. [Dies.]

Sult. Oh, lovely Youth! my Heart bleeds Tears; for thee
Thus are we punish'd for our rash Resolves.

Our cruel Vow, be expiated here.

On this dear Prince, our lov'd and sworn Successor.

Let all by him, be warn'd of Breach of Faith.

His Life, repay'd his falseness to *Zoradia*

By me, let 'em avoid unlawful Oaths.

(Nor think that Provocation's an Excuse,)

Robb'd as I am, of my Succession here.

For Heav'n no Hopes, but Penitence allows.

Either for cruel, rash, or perjur'd Vows.

Exeunt Omnes.

F I N I S.

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